

PZ 3

.D3495

COPY 1

THE DEATH OF HEWFIK PASHA.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. PZ3 Copyright No.

Shelf... D 3495

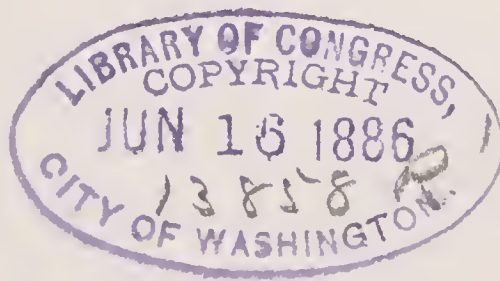
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

35 ✓

THE DEATH OF HEWFIK PASHA.

35

A CONFESSION.



FUNK & WAGNALLS.

NEW YORK:
10 AND 12 DEY STREET.

1886.

LONDON:
44 FLEET STREET.

All Rights Reserved.

PZ 3
D 3493

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1886, by
FUNK & WAGNALLS,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington, D. C.

Registered at Stationers' Hall, London, England.

THE DEATH OF HEWFIK PASHA.

A CONFESSION.

CHAPTER I.

INDULGE not the thought, imaginative reader, that it is to gratify your pleasure or occupy your leisure that, leaving occupations dear to me, I sit down to write this strange tale of mine ; nor is it the hungry look of poverty which drives me into the author's trade, where, as you know too well, poor wit is oft exchanged for ready money ; nor yet is it ambition's dizzy heights which lure me on to the distant realms of Hope of Fame, wherein young authorship always lingers, often dies. Ah no !—a motive stronger, more irresistible than all these combined urges me, against will and inclination, to write these lines : a sacred duty.

You of an inquisitive mind, who would know the nature of that duty and what circumstances forced it upon me, be patient—also indulgent—and follow me to the end.

My life, though short, has been an eventful one. Of what transpired in my early youth I shall not speak, other than at the age of ten I was informed, for the first time, that my good and exemplary father had died a short while prior to my birth, and my virtuous and amiable mother a few days after that event.

Many were the tears I shed over the recent announcement of a loss of long ago ; I began to regret persons I had never known, long for things I had never heard of before—a gloom seemed to overcast my boyish and heretofore happy existence. I was left in the care of an uncle whom, as I grew older, I found to be a cold, unsympathetic person, with good traits no doubt, yet imperceptible to my youthful mind. After informing me of my lonely condition in life, he sent me to school—as a solace, perhaps. There my lot was anything but a happy one, but I complained not—for between school and home the choice was poor. Then, more than ever, did I meditate on the advantages—I did not possess—of having good, kind parents.

Several years later I went to Oxford, where, thanks to the peculiar methods of my parsimonious guardian, I was compelled to spend all my time in study, having no money to spend in riotous living.

My studies finished, and not knowing what else to do, I returned to my uncle's home in the north of England. It did not require much time to mature the conviction that there was but little affinity between my guardian and myself. I was full of life, ambition, enthusiasm—he was like a tombstone.

I resolved to tear myself away and break a bondage which had now become intolerable. I approached my uncle, not without some diffidence, and told him of my determination. He opposed me at first, but seeing that I would admit of no resistance, he reluctantly consented. After months of excuses, procrastinations, and attempts to frustrate my plans, he finally made over to me my patrimony, the which, I must say, in justice to the old gentleman, had been admirably managed.

It was not a bright summer day, but a dark December

morning, that I found myself free—master of myself and actions—with an income of £1800 per annum. I decided to embark at once on a bold career of usefulness. I was ambitious, and I determined to study and, if possible, to solve the most difficult problem that ever puzzled the wits of our greatest statesmen. It was my intention to make Dublin my headquarters, and from there to travel over the whole of the Emerald Isle—visit every city, every village, every hamlet. I should converse with all grades of men, from the highest to the lowest ; I should see everybody and have the opinion of everybody ; on the spot and among the people, I should study the history of that unfortunate race ; dissect the laws that governed it in the past and those in force at the present. In one word, I was resolved to master the Irish question, and in some way, which the future was to decide, give the world the benefit of my researches and studies.

Surely, I thought, no ambition could be higher, nobler than mine.

To this one great subject I was determined to devote my whole life, for I could not reasonably expect to perform in less than a lifetime that which generations past had failed to accomplish in centuries. Indeed, I had often wondered at the rashness of responsible ministers in giving the control of Irish matters to men who had not made Ireland a special study. Would these same ministers confide the care of their health, which when poor needs the greater care, to inexperienced doctors ?

Arrived in Dublin, I was not long finding suitable apartments in one of the best quarters of the city ; and fully appreciating the value of time, I set to work at once. Alas ! I soon realized how much easier it was to conceive a brilliant plan than to put it in execution.

I had secured introductions to several prominent men,

and on one or two occasions I met the great Irish chief himself. The latter struck me as possessing, in a marked degree, all the characteristics of a popular leader, and, moreover, an honesty and determination of purpose which I could not fail to admire. It was not difficult for me to understand those—and they were many—who expressed the wish and entertained the hope that he might, some day, be their anointed ruler.

But of opinions I heard many—of every variety. Said one :

“I would suggest Home Rule for Ireland—not as a concession to Ireland, but as a concession to England ; not to relieve Ireland, but to relieve England ; for Irish matters occupy the best part of English time. Moreover, the day will come when Irish members, unable to control the destinies of their own country, will hold in their hands the fate of England. If England has the sense of sight, she should clearly see that she can never govern Ireland. Legislation, however friendly, from across the Channel will never be accepted in a kindly spirit. This eternal crimination and recrimination, talk of coercion, non-coercion, Irish bills, land acts, crimes’ acts, and the like have grown sadly monotonous—like protracted babble—and have, let it be admitted, proved futile. And this will continue till the Irish themselves have the sweet responsibility of governing Ireland. That this must come eventually there is no doubt. Let England make up her mind to it now—she might have done so to advantage years ago.”

On such matters as these had I to reflect on my third evening in Dublin. A few days later I met a prominent nationalist, Mr. —, who gave his opinion in these terms :

“Under British rule Ireland will ever prove restless,

dissatisfied, and a fly tormentor to England. England knows this, and yet will not act accordingly. Remaining silent, living in peace, the Irish patriots can expect nothing from England, since the latter would exclaim, Why disturb the clear sky? A storm might result. And if the patriots revolt, form leagues, and resort to force, England would say, Now, more than ever, must she be subdued, held in bondage; she is not able to govern herself. Hence our only recourse is agitation, more agitation, agitation forever."

"But," I objected, "why not meet half way; make peace and settle difficulties?"

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "when Ireland forgets, then will she forgive and extend the hand of friendship; but the past, with its horrors, its tortures, its injustices, is, and always will be, present to the Irish memory. We know what England's seeming kindness means. If poor in all else, we have great wealth of experience; we have, by force of circumstance, learned to profit thereby. But one thing can satisfy, appease Ireland—freedom! What right has England to enslave us against our will—England, that boasts of equity, of liberty; England, that was loudest in the cry against slavery; England, that despises despotism?"

"Excuse me," I said with fervor; "far from being slaves, your representatives sit with us in the legislative halls of the empire; you have a voice—"

"A voice," he interrupted, "a voice that is smothered by a hundred others; a voice that speaks, appeals in vain; a voice despised, ignored. The Irish vote may assist one section of the enemy to overthrow the other; it may—strange inconsistency!—decide important imperial matters; but when it comes to that which Ireland craves for most, enough Englishmen will combine to defeat her

wishes. We may control English but not Irish affairs ; all hopes to the contrary are mere illusions that must soon vanish.”

I had resolved to listen to all sides with patience, to learn the views of everybody ; but I must confess that when I left Mr. D—— I felt greatly irritated, annoyed, and somewhat mystified by the intricacies of this important and apparently many-sided question.

That night I sat down to my writing-table and, with a burning head, made the following entry in my notebook :

Home Rule, to the Irish patriot, clearly means a step nearer to independence—complete and absolute. Independence is their aim ; all other cries and schemes and plots are but means to attain the greater, the ultimate end. Hence the Irish question, reduced to its simplest expression, is this : Shall England, free and powerful, submit to Ireland, weak and chained ? Or can weak Ireland compel powerful England to submit to its demands ? The first is improbable, the second impossible. Yet to solve the question permanently one of these two must be done.

I did not despair, yet I feared the Irish question might prove an eternal one. As I sat back in my chair, thinking, I wondered why it was that the laws, the principles which apply to individuals did not apply to nations, to races. If individuals, united by the laws of God and the laws of man, may be separated for lack of congeniality or those other essentials to the proper and happy union of the parties concerned, why should not nations ?

But speaking of marriage and divorce (things so opposed and yet so closely allied nowadays) reminds me, romance-loving reader, that I did not intend this as a political essay—far from it.

CHAPTER II.

ONE evening, as I was strolling alone in a retired part of the city, I was awakened from my reverie by the shouts of men, the tramping of horses, the sound of wheels. Looking up the street, I saw a carriage drawn by a horse that was fairly beyond the control of the driver. It was dashing along at a terrible speed. Screams—the screams of women—pierced the sharp winter air and fell upon my ear. I felt that irresistible impulse—so common to our race—which urges us to the rescue of those in distress. I rushed to the middle of the street with eyes fixed, teeth set, and muscles contracted. As the horse reached me, I made a bound and seized it by the mane ; I was dragged some distance, but soon brought to an end the animal's wild career, for after running a little farther, it staggered and fell to the ground.

I endeavored to extricate my leg from under the weight which seemed to crush it ; in my efforts I felt my head whirl ; an intense pain shot through my body ; I grew dizzy ; though on the ground, in the mire, I felt as though I were falling, sinking ; I remembered no more.

The next morning, on awakening, I found myself in bed, in a strange room. My leg was broken, my head was burning, and my whole body ached.

I am no pen-and-ink artist, no painter of human nature, human emotions ; not mine the gift divine of portraying the pains of the flesh, the raptures of the soul of man. A simple sketch is all within my power—the lines but feebly drawn ; no dark, deep shades, no flashes of light. I shall be brief.

Dr. Stretcher, who had been called in, was much pleased with his operation—the resetting was everything

that could be desired ; yet he frankly confessed that the fracture was one of the ugliest he had ever seen ; the utmost care was necessary.

Calling for the morning paper, one of the first things that caught my eyes were the following lines :

“ Last evening, at about five o’clock, as Mrs. Estadilla and her daughter, strangers in the city, were driving home, the horse took fright and dashed down Compton Street, the coachman losing all control over the animal. For some minutes it looked as though an accident would result, when a young man, with wondrous dexterity and most commendable courage, sprang on the neck of the runaway horse and checked its further course. Unfortunately, the young man was caught under the horse as it fell to the ground. Unconscious, he was carried to a house near by, when it was found his leg was broken. The surgeon in attendance, Dr. Stretcher, pronounced the fracture a dangerous one.

“ The name of the young man is unknown at the present writing. He is deserving of the highest praise for the courageous act he performed to such advantage to others, though so disastrously to himself.”

While I was pleased to think that I had rendered a service to the two ladies, I could not but regret the unexpected turn of events which, aside from the pain I suffered, would compel me to inactivity for several months, and probably confine me to my room for an indefinite period.

To say the least, the prospect was not a cheering one. Toward noon a basket of flowers—rare at that season—was brought to my room, and with it a note from Mrs. Estadilla, expressing a deep sense of gratitude for the act by which, she claimed, I had saved her life and her daughter’s. She was anxious to know whether she could

be of any service to me, and intimated a desire to visit my sick-chamber and relieve, if possible, the monotony of the dark winter days. I answered in a few words, thanking the good lady for the flowers and also for the many kind proffers, which I fully appreciated and yet had to decline, having all the care that was needed. I disclaimed any merit for what I had done, and after telling her that the doctor had enjoined thorough quiet and rest for a few days, I expressed the hope, as I grew stronger, to have a visit from her, the which I should deem both a pleasure and an honor.

Slowly, wearily did several days pass, my physical and mental sufferings being relieved but by the daily receipt of a basket of flowers. Though the doctor spent a good part of the day with me, and my attendant seldom left my side, my condition was lonely beyond endurance. I had an occasional visit from an old school friend, Walter Sexton, who, hearing of my misfortune, had rushed to cheer me. He was a man of enormous proportions, and his laugh was something prodigious; his presence had much the same effect on the blues as certain pious men of old are said to have had on the devils. He was also full of anecdote, and a capital *raconteur*. Unfortunately, his time was scarce and his visits likewise—a fact I could not fail regretting.

One morning, as the flowers were, as usual, left at my door, the messenger said he had been instructed to ask the doctor when Mr. Heriot might receive visitors. The doctor, having consulted my wishes, sent back word that though Mr. Heriot's leg had not shown the progress which he had reasonably expected, yet other symptoms, not unfavorable, had manifested themselves, and he did not think that, on the whole, it was incompatible with the best interests of his patient to see a few friends.

I could not refrain smiling as I heard the doctor's grave and wordy message, especially when I thought of the uproarious laughter of Sexton, who had spent an hour with me the previous night.

I had no fear that the lady's visit would injure me in the least, though I entertained serious doubts as to my ability to receive her in the manner which she unquestionably deserved.

I was naturally bashful—never having associated with ladies—and as the afternoon wore on I became nervous and fretful. I gave instructions to have my room put in order, and sent my attendant out to purchase a number of delicacies generally appreciated by ladies.

The fire was burning bright and warm ; the curtains had been thrown aside, and I had almost forgotten I was in bed with a broken leg, when I heard a noise without, then the rustling of dresses, and finally a gentle rap at the door. The next moment Mrs. Estadilla and her daughter were at my bedside. Dazed at first by the apparition of two ladies, I soon recovered sufficiently to answer their numerous questions concerning my health, and before long the meeting which I had so much dreaded was like one of friends—old friends who had not met for years. Nor was it the conversation alone of the ladies which fascinated me ; while their sweet voices pleased my ear, their appearance enchanted my eye. Mrs. Estadilla was a handsome woman of about forty, while her daughter, whose name I discovered to be Elvira, looked scarce seventeen ; and yet all the beautiful symmetry of development was noticeable in her figure and deportment. She was fairer than any vision I had ever seen in my wildest dreams of beauty, and as she gazed at me with her sad, dark eyes, as though pitying me, I felt the mystic fascination of her charms grow more and more irresistible.

But—sad destiny of all things human !—that visit was doomed to an end, and as that graceful form disappeared from view, it was as though the light of day had vanished from the room.

I fell back on my pillow, exhausted, and, with half closed eyes, began to dream.

CHAPTER III.

THAT evening Sexton dropped in. He was brimful of fun, and as I began to describe my visitors he let loose one of his wonderful outbursts of laughter, and said : “ You are not well, Heriot, and cannot do justice to the subject. I’ll draw the picture : tall and slender ; pure Castilian ; the fairest of her sex—even as Venus, in her heavenly sphere, outshines in splendor and brilliancy the other lights of night ; her eyes—soft and limpid ; her voice—the sweet undulations of divine melodies ; her smile—that of the roseate morn of summer on the hills of fair Arcadia.”

The picture, though highly colored, I proclaimed not overdrawn.

“ Ah,” he exclaimed, “ this is clearly your first case ; it won’t be your last, though. If it is natural to fall in love, it is more than natural to fall out of love. Did I ever tell you my first romance ? ’Twas two winters ago, in Edinburgh town. She was a northern lassie—buxom and fair. I had seen but never met her. I vowed to discover the roof that sheltered her—and had kept my vow. Nightly did I pass by the silent window of her who ever occupied my thoughts. I remembered, a short

while before, suppressing a laugh when an old, courtly gentleman told me that, when young, he had travelled twenty miles, through wind and rain, to see on the blinds the faint shadow of his inamorata. Ah ! I felt like laughing, but I knew not then the mighty stirrings of poor mortals' heart. Now I stood and waited and looked in vain for the shadow of her I loved. Oh, I would exclaim, that this were sunny Italy's sweet, balmy climate ; this, one of those clear, soft nights, when, with lattice thrown open, the fair Signorina sighingly listens to the passionate notes of the love-breathing guitar ! But no—it is dark and cold and foggy ; not even a light shines in that loved window. A sad case, but sadder it would have been had I not grown weary. The nights were cold, and chilled my once flaming heart. Like me, you will grow weary. Illusions vanish ; and—mark the warning of experience—allow not your illusions to carry you too far, else the day will come when you, solitary and alone, will wander over the face of the earth—on crutches, no doubt—endeavoring to forget that face, those eyes, that form divine.”

I knew Sexton well, and enjoyed his good-humor ; but when he left, my thoughts reverted to their former sphere. Of all odd things, the oddest is love—and the most inexplicable. It knows no distinction : the warrior, the statesman, the philosopher—all fall victims to its mystic influence. What wonder, then, that poor ordinary mortals should succumb to that which enslaves the ruling spirits of the world ?

I, leading a quiet, retired life, spent in study, had given but little thought to the tender passion, and yet, at times, in gloomy meditation, I had deemed my lonely state a sad one, and there would come to me, unconsciously, longings for some one to love ; visions would

rise of a long-cherished ideal ; but it was ever an ideal, and as such intangible, beyond my grasp, and soon forgotten in the deeper thoughts that followed.

At the first sight of that young face—more beautiful than any I had dreamt of—I felt, for the first time, the mysterious and now familiar touch ; in vain did I endeavor to restrain my thoughts, my feelings ; they wandered, unknowingly, far beyond the point of mere admiration. The fascination was one I could not resist, much less conquer ; and despite the taunts of Sexton, I felt that these new-born feelings would prove lifelong.

According to promise, the ladies returned a few days later. The visit was longer, and if anything pleasanter than the first. As they were leaving I ventured to say that I did not now regret the accident and the pain I suffered, since they had been the means of permitting me to make such charming friends.

And of these visits I had many, each succeeding one bringing to my senses additional and endless proofs that Elvira was the loveliest, the kindest of women. I now ceased to curse my fate, for with the agonies I suffered were linked the sweetest pleasures of my life.

CHAPTER IV.

It were natural, no doubt, to rejoice at the prospect of returning health and strength ; to contemplate with pleasure freedom of action and absence from the restraints of the long-occupied sick-room ; and yet the pleasant anticipations which these should have aroused in me were replaced by anxious forebodings ; for as time

wore on and my condition improved, the longed-for visits became lamentably scarcer, and finally a whole week passed ere the welcome presence came to cheer my now almost disconsolate existence. I had been spoilt, burdened with kindness, and because this continued not in its fulness and regularity, I felt disappointed, like him who, having had every wish gratified, revolts and complains bitterly when his slightest whim is disregarded.

Sexton still continued to drop in occasionally, and he missed no opportunity to taunt me in his good-natured way. I simulated indifference, but in reality felt the sharp sting of his bluntness.

It is strange, and yet most true, that those who are themselves incapable of tender feeling and noble sentiment are at a loss to understand the sincerity and sensitiveness of those who deem them part of their life, and they attack these feelings with the same pleasure and eagerness as they would level the deadly weapon at the cooing dove, without a pang or a thought of the pain they cause.

I had now left my bed, and was allowed to recline on the sofa, and even, at times, to sit in an arm-chair and look out of the window. I found some pleasure watching the moving crowds below, and seeing once more the action and excitement of the outer world ; but I soon became accustomed to this, and it grew sadly monotonous. I attempted to read—in vain ; my thoughts were inclined to wander.

One dark afternoon, seated in a huge chair, with my leg outstretched before me, I was bewailing my sad fate, my lonely condition, when I heard a loud rap at the door, and in another instant I was handed a basket of flowers—larger, sweeter, gayer than any I had yet received. A small sealed envelope was attached to the basket, but

the handwriting was not the same ; I came to the conclusion it must be Elvira's.

Trembling with excitement, I broke the seal, tore open the envelope, and a card fell on my lap ; hurriedly I seized it, and lived a hundred lives anticipating the sweet words my eyes longed to but scarce dared read. Vain anticipations ; a single word was on that card—"Farewell !"

My head fell back ; I closed my eyes ; my arm dropped languidly by my side.

The whole world now seemed to me a solitude—vast and dreary ; the heavens above were as clothed in darkness—a starless night, without a ray of light.

CHAPTER V.

THREE weeks after the intimation I received of Elvira's departure, I was allowed to leave my room—not, however, without the use of crutches. Dr. Stretcher told me I should have to use these for some time to come, and eventually a heavy cane should answer the purpose. Those days, which had wearily drawn to a close, were the saddest, the darkest of my life. Those who have experienced the horrors of doubt will know what tortures I suffered. Had not the doctor sanctioned my going out at this time, I think I should have incurred the risk, in defiance of his injunctions to the contrary.

My first move was in the direction of Mrs. Estadilla's house, where I intended making inquiries. I discovered but too soon that Elvira had really gone—where, no one

knew. I asked a hundred questions, but the only point I could ascertain was that she left the same day on which I had received her basket of flowers and card of farewell.

As I turned from the door I felt as though my strength, my thoughts were deserting me ; I moved mechanically to a railing close by, and rested my body against it. Weary and dejected, I remained there for some time, till I gradually regained my self-possession and looked around me : I was but a few steps away from that door through which she had but lately passed, perhaps never to return. Almost before me was the very spot where, forgetting the whole world, I had risked my life to save hers. Memories of the past crowded to my mind—memories sweet and yet bitter, of days which now seemed to me like a distant dream.

I returned to my lonely rooms and sat for hours in gloomy reverie.

Several weeks went by. With the use of a strong cane I was able to move around freely. But if I improved physically, my spirits were more depressed than ever—the pleasures of study had vanished, the spirit of ambition had flown. I did not despair of yet performing some of the work I had laid out, but to do so successfully I felt the necessity of peace of mind ; this I deemed impossible till I had once more seen and spoken to Elvira, and learned from her own lips whether or not she deemed it presumption on my part to hope that, some day, she might listen to my earnest prayer.

As it was, I lacked energy to attempt anything ; I was in a mist through which I could not see my way to any definite point. All my efforts to trace Mrs. Estadilla, or find out anything about her, proved futile ; for I soon discovered that she was known to no one, had

been in town but a few months, and had left in a manner as mysterious as she had come.

It was about this time that I fell under the influence of a belief which I had heretofore despised. I had no faith in dreams, and had often laughed at believers therein ; but such is the tendency of an anxious mind to grasp anything that might relieve it, that I now allowed a dream to haunt me and even to influence my future actions ; and when, a few nights later, the same vision fled before my eyes, I was so thoroughly under its peculiar influence that I found it impossible to drive it from my mind, and resolved to submit to that which I could no longer resist.

In my dream I was sailing alone on the blue waters of the Sea of Marmora ; my eyes rested on scenes fairer than any I had seen before ; the sun was setting in the western sky, while its lingering rays shone brilliantly on the distant pinnacles and minarets of ancient Stamboul. As I approached Galata I saw a figure waving to me with her hand. Nearer and nearer I came, when suddenly I recognized the form and face of my lost Elvira. With beating heart I sprang from the boat ; but as my feet touched the welcome shore I awakened.

Though I could not fail blaming myself for being influenced by what I had always deemed a vulgar superstition, I made every preparation to journey to Constantinople ; and if my fond dream of there finding Elvira was not realized, I should banish the illusion from my mind forever, and, following the jocular advice of Sexton, wander over the face of the earth in vain endeavors to forget her.

CHAPTER VI.

A FEW days later I left for London, where I succeeded in obtaining letters of introduction to several prominent people—both native and foreign—in the Ottoman capital. Though I felt that my journey was one of doubtful results, I started off in better spirits than the circumstances justified.

We have all known the power of those secret promptings—those inward presentiments—which urge us to acts from which reason withholds its sanction ; we fear that the future might cause us to regret not doing that which the mysterious whispering prompted us to do. However, be this as it may, I felt, as I travelled eastward, that I was performing a duty to myself which it would be dangerous to neglect. If I failed in my efforts, it would not be from want of endeavors to succeed.

The trip, which under ordinary circumstances might have proved interesting, was to me, in my anxious state of mind, tedious to a degree. My spirits fell sensibly as I realized that I was in a distant and but half civilized country, far away from my native land and what few friends and associations I had there.

The sun was ascending the heavens from behind the Bithynian Olympus when we reached Galata. Oh, the thousand sights whereon the eye doth love to linger !—the Sea of Marmora, Scutari, Pera, and lastly Stamboul, with its domes and groves, the gilded pinnacles of the seraglio, the towering minarets of the mosques, the marble domes of St. Sophia.

What a heavenly paradise in a land of poverty, of slavery ! What a majestic site for a noble city—fit to be the imperial capital of the mightiest empire of the earth

—the centre of art, literature, and fashion ! Here, in years to come, will centralize the commerce of Europe, Asia, and Africa ; here will rest the sceptre whose mighty sway will rule the nations of the Eastern world. And to thee, O Romanoff ! has the future destined this envied jewel.

But it was not the beauties of nature nor the wonders of the skilful hand of man that I was in a mood to admire ; my eyes longed to rest on a far fairer object. Before long I was in Pera, in comfortable quarters at the *Hôtel d'Angleterre*, and having refreshed myself a little, I started out for a stroll.

As I walked, wherever fancy guided me, my mind wandered into a thousand speculations as to Elvira's fate. Was she contented, was she miserable—above all, was she free ? Ah ! *that* the thought which tormented me most—was she free, or was she a slave to one of those moral monsters who look on lovely woman as a gift of God to man, to gratify his lustful whims ? Perhaps in yonder strange and unique building — a harem methinks—she is confined for life ; better far is unwelcome death than such vile, such unkind usages. Woman—the queen, the angel of man, that most pure in nature, sole remnant of ancient Paradise—sunk so low, and by man so ordained !

I shuddered at the thought and moved rapidly away, offering to myself what poor consolations I could summon ; but these were weak indeed.

I returned to the hotel at dark, ate a morsel, and strolled out into the streets once more—not venturing, however, to wander far, for I had been cautioned in that respect, and, moreover, my leg still caused me some little trouble. I went to a well-known agency, and there requested that any information that might be procured concerning Mrs.

Estadilla should be sent to me. This agency, I was told, could be of more service to me than any number of letters of introduction ; so I concluded not to present these for the present at least.

Several days, however, went by, but nothing eventful occurred, nor seemed likely to occur.

It was spring-time—the season of wild flowers and verdant hills ; it was the beautiful month when all assumes a cheerful, joyous aspect ; when nature smiles and man dreams of love ; when youth sighs for sweet companionship, and longs to roam midst groves of palms and olives, to bathe in limpid waters, linger in the quiet shade, gaze at the azure sky, and I—I was alone.

Almost despairing of accomplishing the object of my visit, I thought of returning to Ireland and resuming my former course of study and investigation. Such a step, if profitless in its results, would at least serve to distract me for the present.

While I was thus debating the future, there came thundering over the wires the electrifying news that Britain, patient so long, was now about to assert her imperial rights. The mandate had gone forth, and on the following day—the memorable 11th of July—the roar of cannon would bring terror to the soul of that arch rebel Arabi and his followers ; and, if needs be, the ancient city, founded by the great Alexander, would be reduced to ashes.

I forgot for a moment the contest that was waging within me, and thought of this mighty contest of mighty nations. My patriotic blood boiled in my veins ; I longed to see my England's honor avenged—her banners flying triumphant against the Oriental sky.

Moreover, returning to my normal train of thought, I hoped that the storm which raged in the political world

might help clear the atmosphere of my own surroundings.

I determined to linger, for a while longer at least, in Constantinople.

CHAPTER VII.

THE waters of Alexandria were silent ; the cannon roar was heard no more ; the rebels had fled ; Seymour was the admiration, the envy of the world ; and Wolseley, the brave, the gallant, had laughed at the arid desert, the scorching sun, and with a handful of Albion's boys had put to rout the rebellious host.

I was still in Constantinople while all these events occurred—events which caused the world to wonder and look on with bated breath.

Nor had I been wholly idle. I had presented several of my letters, and gained an insight into the ways and customs of this peculiar country. I had, however, obtained no clew as to the identity and whereabouts of Mrs. Estadilla, and I had resolved to return to England. But before leaving Constantinople I decided on a step the consequences of which were of a thrilling nature. An old and esteemed friend of my father's, now in the foreign office, had given me a letter to a Turk of enormous wealth, great power, and high position—Hewfik Pasha. The Pasha had, at one time, been a prime favorite of the late Sultan, and though now a retired minister, was supposed by many to be thoroughly imbued with all the mysteries (some of them of a very dark and dubious nature) of that Oriental and not over-scrupulous government. He never allowed—so it is claimed—any

means, however small, of securing knowledge of state secrets and diplomatic intrigue to escape him. He protested, and many believed, that he was not ambitious ; but keen observers proclaimed him the arch manœuvrer, and one who strived, night and day, to regain his former influence in domestic and foreign affairs. Thus, for many reasons, he was both feared and respected.

Though anxious to meet a statesman of such repute, I hesitated, from the fact that I had learned he was a man of uncontrollable temper and most sarcastic tongue. Indeed, many ascribed his lack of favor with his present sovereign to these unamiable qualities. I had made up my mind to call on the Pasha, less out of curiosity than to show to my father's friend a due appreciation of his kindness.

Hewfik received me with every mark of respect, but I must confess I was somewhat surprised—and not disagreeably—on receiving, a few days later, an invitation to dinner. I deemed an acceptance compulsory. I was by no means vain enough to think that such a distinguished honor was conferred on me owing to any personal considerations. Coming, as I did, with a letter from one connected with the foreign office, Hewfik thought, no doubt, that he might obtain some information that might prove available.

I am convinced that few if any diplomats are shrewder than the Turks. Unfortunately, they lack that essential in diplomacy—prestige. Mortgaged to other powers, they feel toward these as the helpless creditor feels toward the harsh money-lender.

It was with a feeling of intense relief that I found myself safely within the court of Hewfik's palace (a graceful building, situated in extensive grounds which extended to the water's edge) ; for, though well attended,

I had felt somewhat uncomfortable and considerably annoyed by the queer doings of a person—evidently disguised—we had met in an obscure and deserted street. He was, to say the least, a suspicious person, and one intent on no friendly mission. Once I turned, and there the dark figure stood, with folded arms, gazing at me. We moved on hurriedly, and every time I looked back I realized, with renewed horror, that I was being followed; as I approached Hewfik's palace I fancied I saw the figure running toward me, and then stop suddenly.

My host had travelled extensively and lived a great deal abroad, hence there was much in his manner and speech—and also in the style of his entertainment—which made me forget at times I was the guest of a Turk.

During the repast our conversation was of a trifling nature—at least trifling, I thought, for one dyed deep in the mysteries of statecraft. I noticed that Hewfik, though he ate but little, drank considerably; indeed, the *raki* was delicious, and I confess that, entranced by the bouquet and flavor of this comparatively new beverage to me, I endeavored, not unwillingly, to keep pace with my esteemed host; and I am convinced, from what occurred subsequently, that we both indulged somewhat to excess.

Dinner over, we passed through the *divan hanéh* to an adjoining apartment, of smaller proportions but no less luxurious appointments. So much was there to admire, so much to wonder at in this marvellous room, that it was impossible for my eye to grasp everything, or even anything in particular, other than the general appearance of gorgeous Oriental brilliancy and splendor. I noticed, however, that rich tapestries, of wondrous design, hung from the ceiling to the floor at the several entrances and

corners of the apartment, adding much to the other peculiar characteristics of the surroundings.

Coffee and pipes were brought, and Hewfik, making a mysterious sign to the numerous attendants, these vanished from view, and I was alone with my host. Hewfik, with considerable adroitness, led the conversation from *raki*, coffee, and chibouks, which we were then discussing, to the present political state of affairs, in which he was, naturally, much interested.

“Your great admiral, Seymour,” he said, “has taken rank with the foremost men of the age ; your country may truly be proud of him.”

Allowing a large volume of smoke to escape from between my lips, I acquiesced with Hewfik in his favorable opinion of our great naval hero.

“I consider,” he continued, “the bombardment of Alexandria as one of the most daring naval engagements of modern times—and the most successful.”

I acquiesced once more, for indeed his sentiments were mine in every respect.

“Of course many honors will be showered upon him by a grateful nation ; but, Mr. Heriot, if you will permit me, I shall here call your attention to what I deem a great, a glaring defect in your governmental system—a defect, however, I have no doubt the progressive strides you are making will remedy some day. It is this : you do not adequately honor, reward those who risk their lives for their country’s glory.”

“Ah !” I interjected, “Seymour will, beyond a doubt, be made a peer.”

“A peer !” exclaimed Hewfik—“a peer ! What reward is that for one who, in saving his country from a fierce enemy, risks his own life ? A dukedom and a hundred thousand a year would be but paltry remunera-

tion for the generous sacrifices, the noble efforts, the glorious triumphs of the great Seymour. No, Mr. Heriot, excuse my frankness ; you are a great nation, but not a liberal one ; and, mark my words—'tis no idle prophecy, 'tis the eternal, the immutable logic of facts—if your government blindly continues in this narrow, ill-timed policy of meanness toward the saviors of the country, its line of heroes will die out—its fire extinguished by sentimental economy—and this, mark you, when abundance and luxury are universal, and the coffers of the nation and of individuals are overflowing !”

I was about to remonstrate, but leaving his reclining position and sitting up straight before me, Hewfik continued, fire flashing from his eyes :

“ And Wolseley—what will you do with him ? A peerage too ! With a handful of soldiers, in a foreign country and a deadly climate, he falls upon a host of the bravest and best-trained troops, defeats and crushes them ; captures their chief ; avenges the national honor ; adds new and more brilliant lustre to his proud country's fame—and for these a peerage ! Fie on it ! I—I would cast such petty honors from me with disdain—trample them under foot, scorn them. Better—yes, better feel for life the sharp sting of ingratitude—yea, even a nation's, my own country's ingratitude—than smart under the disgrace of such trifling, barbarously inadequate recognition. I have spoken ; I will now listen, in silence, to whatever you might say.”

I hesitated a second, and then proceeded in this strain—but no ! I feel a peculiar degree of sensitiveness in parading my own arguments and sentiments, and beg of you, kind reader, to bear with me in my silence. I will say this much, however : I convinced Hewfik that he labored entirely under false impressions ; I transferred

him, in thought, to the country of which we spoke (my dear, my only England !), and clearly demonstrated that with us—our customs, thoughts, estimate of things and the like—the degree of honor and reward we bestowed on our heroes was considered ample by some, prodigious by others, and *always accepted and appreciated by the heroes themselves*. (This caused Hewfik to wonder much.) Moreover, I begged of him to remember that Great Britain was Great Britain, and not the mighty empire of the East, over which his Imperial Majesty the Sultan ruled ; it was not in our nature to do things in Oriental style ; and then, with a bit of sarcasm, I added :

“ We cannot, as you do, give princely titles, vast estates, and kingly palaces to our generals and admirals—they are too numerous, we too poor. We are not, alas ! magnificent Orientals, as you are.”

This, though intended as a sharp thrust at the Turk—in revenge for the abuse he had showered on my country—was, strange to say, taken by him as a delicate compliment ; in fact, it pleased him so much that, rising, he insisted on serving me some refreshments.

Gradually I felt my temples throb, my head grow warmer, my pulse beat heavier ; my eyes were aglow, my ears longed for sweet music. But Hewfik, whose mind ever ran on politics and statecraft, persisted in discussing the Egyptian problem. Such is the close connection between tongue and mind—especially when under the influence—that the tongue will betray what is uppermost in the mind.

“ Poor Arabi !” Hewfik exclaimed—“ poor Arabi ! Never understood, never appreciated, he now suffers the penalty of having loved his country too well, too ardently !”

“ Damned rebel !” I muttered, emptying a glass of

raki, and then suddenly checked myself, for Hewfik rose and stood before me with clenched and uplifted fists and fiery eyes, the look of which I never shall forget.

“Rebel !” he shouted—and his voice sounded like the roar of thunder—“rebel ! Against whom did he rebel ? Arabi was an Egyptian minister, an Egyptian officer, an Egyptian patriot ; it was his bounden, sacred duty to protect, defend his country. Because he hearkens not to the arrogant demands of insolent, intruding foreigners ; because he listens to his people’s voice and defies their enemies, he is called a rebel—attacked, captured, and treated as such. If defending one’s country, resisting its foes, is treachery, then is Arabi the arch-traitor ; if curbing the power of the few to protect the rights of the many ; if longing and striving for independence, natural privileges, and freedom from the hands that oppress and crush you is rebellion, then is Arabi a rebel, then are all patriots, all reformers, all lovers of their country, rebels.

“Not against his own people did Arabi revolt ; had they a free, a commanding voice, he should have been their chosen ruler ; they worshipped, they followed him ; he was their hero, their idol ; to him, they thought, Allah had given the thunder of heaven to crush the foreign foe ; he loved Egypt, he hated those whose love of country was less than his ; and you call him rebel ! Yonder lecherous, yelping, crouching cur, who lives in indolence and debauchery ; who cares less for Egypt than for a piece of gold ; who panders to his enforced masters, appeals to them, crouches before them—he is your ideal patriot ; such as he you admire, encourage, sustain. He, a traitor to his country, will remain, in pomp and splendor, the sovereign of the people ; while he who loved Egypt and dreamed of Egypt’s freedom will be shot

down like a rebel or banished from his native land !”

Here Hewfik, exhausted, ceased for a moment ; he was trembling with rage ; he paced the room impatiently. After a while he seemed (much to my relief) a little calmer. I remained motionless, silent ; I did not quite understand the etiquette of the situation ; certainly no more half-muttered remarks should escape my lips ; no matter what Hewfik now said—if ever I wished to serve my country in the future—it was my present duty to let my country be abused.

Hewfik, to my terror, stood before me once more ; he was still excited ; his eyes sparkled ; the storm had not yet vanished from his brow ; his tones were loud, vibrating :

“ Arabi was not Arabi the man, the individual—he was the personification of Egypt ; his voice was Egypt’s ; his acts were Egypt’s ; and when Egypt felt the hand that crushed her, bled her, through Arabi she groaned, ‘ Enough—enough ! ’ Unheeded, she raised her voice louder and called her sons to arms, and because she did not, like an humble slave, submit to you—a foreigner, a stranger—you reduce her proud cities to ashes, sacrifice thousands of lives, destroy millions of property, and occupy her lands. By what right, human or divine ? When, in your cupidity for wealth, or your arrogant ambition for power, you advanced a sensual monarch gold to gratify his beastly passions and lead a riotous, shameless life, was Egypt mortgaged to your usurers, did Egyptians become your bonded slaves ? You preach against slavery, yet you enslave a whole nation. Egypt’s children, who till the land and thank Allah for his bounties, they touched not your vile gold, they saw it not ; and these you crush, these you hold in bondage for a detested monarch’s crimes and debts. And Turkey—

she who had a right to speak ; she who, if action were necessary, had a right to act—she, too, was cast aside, ignored and commanded to look on in silence. You proclaim Arabi a rebel against his master the Khedive, yet you urge, you compel the Khedive to rebel against his suzerain, the Sultan. You speak of rights—have you respected Turkey's rights ? Whose vassal is the Khedive—England's or the Sultan's ? You deny us the privilege to control our affairs—would you allow us to interfere with yours ? What if France were to send an army, a fleet to settle your Irish difficulties ? England howls because Ireland revolts against English rule, yet England compels Egypt to revolt against Turkish rule. To crush a movement that pleases you not, you instigate, you encourage, you command a base rebellion against another power ; to defend your paltry rights, you trample under foot the sovereign rights of another nation ! Do you forget that the bonds which bind the vassal to his suzerain are as sacred as those which bind the debtor to the creditor ? Shame, oh shame ! May Allah, in his eternal justice, never forget, forgive the crimes which, under the garb of friendship for Turkey, England has committed to promote her own dark schemes, her mercenary interests !

“Ah ! my own, my fading land, let the star of Mohammed shine once more in thy darkened skies ; let the spirit of Islam sweep, as of old, over the plains of the Orient ; let the fire of revenge cause the Moslem pulse to beat—as Allah grant it may beat some day !—and Albion shall see that, though once sickly, Islam was not blind ; that, though feeble in body, she was not so in spirit ; that, though silent and submissive, she knew, she felt all that was done, implied by British friendship ; and that such friendship's reward should be eternal ha-

tred, eternal repugnance—never-dying, never-tiring revenge—”

Here Hewfik's voice grew so loud, his appearance so wild, his gestures so frantic, and his proximity to me so alarming, that, fearing he was about to attack me, I rose, and in another second, thinking, no doubt, that I had risen to strike him, he seized me by the throat, and swinging his other arm in the air, he let fall his clenched fist on my throbbing temple. I sank senseless to the floor !

How long I lay unconscious I know not ; but what words can describe, what imagination conceive my horror, my dismay, as, recovering my senses, I saw at my side, on the floor, lying in a pool of blood, Hewfik—dead !

CHAPTER VIII.

No—I was not dreaming ; my mind wandered not ; my eyes could see but too clearly—poor Hewfik was dead ! I dragged myself to his side ; he was lying face downward ; in his back was a dagger with a jewelled handle. Murdered—and I alone with the victim ! Innocent, I was doomed to be accused and punished for the crime ; guiltless, every circumstance pointed to me as the criminal. No excuse, no defence could I make ; in vain might I protest, implore—I was alone with the murdered man !

I trembled like a leaf, and looked wildly around the silent room ; the vapors of wine had vanished, and my senses returned, with all their acuteness and vigor, as if to make me realize the danger, the horrors of my position. As I gazed with dread on the stricken man, the

sight of his prostrate, lifeless body brought less terror to my soul than the mystery—the dark, unreadable mystery of the terrible tragedy. Every instant I expected to be seized by fierce hands, dragged through the streets, and cast in the darkest, the gloomiest of dungeons. Friendless and alone, I envied the dead man his silent heart, his lifeless condition.

Suddenly, a heavy curtain, at the farther extremity of the room, was pulled aside, and two men, with long black cloaks thrown over them, so that the eyes alone were visible, rushed toward me. Falling on my knees before them, I exclaimed: “Strike—strike! End, oh, end this miserable existence!” And with a last thought of my sweet Elvira, I was prepared to receive the avenger’s blow—the dagger which was to end my dark, my aimless life; but instead of striking me, one of the men drew a rope from under his cloak, and throwing it around my body, pinioned my arms to my side till I felt as though the skin had bursted and the blood were flowing. Not a word did I utter, not a stroke of resistance—of what avail? A hundred slaves were ready to avenge their master’s death; the whole city, no doubt, had learned the terrible news; for me, alas! there was no escape, no hope. From the time I saw the two men appear from behind the curtain to when my arms were bound scarce a minute had elapsed, so rapidly was everything done—so magic-like. Indeed was I having a taste of Oriental life!

I was now seized by both shoulders and led from the room of death and horrors into a narrow and poorly lighted passage; then through a massive door, which was locked behind us, and then into utter darkness. On, on I was guided through what seemed an interminable subterranean passage. What thoughts were mine during

those terrible, those breathless moments, I scarce remember, other than, whatever my fate, provided it ended in hasty death, I should fain welcome it.

Without stopping or hesitating, my captors led me on, without light, through the domain of darkness, not a word being spoken, not a sound being heard save the monotonous tread of our feet.

At last we halted, and the echoes of our footsteps having died away, my ears caught the sound of water—moving, splashing water. Merciful heavens! had my end already come; with arms closely bound, was I to be cast in the waters, a helpless being, to serve as food for the monsters of the deep? Expecting—nay, hoping to die, I was scarce prepared for this. Ah! what swift, what terrible justice was this, I thought, and I the victim—I, as innocent as those who held me captive.

One of the men had left my side, and the next moment I heard a massive door move heavily on its rusty hinges. There, indeed, was the water before me—there my grave! Splash, splash, the waves dashed against the ancient bulwark, while in the distance I caught a glimpse of numerous flickering lights. The night was dark, the wind howled; nature without seemed in harmony with the turmoil of my soul, the gloom of my thoughts.

The guard who had opened the door disappeared, but returned shortly in a boat. As I saw him approach, a spark of hope rose; then I was not to die at once; I might yet see the morning's light and feel the midday warmth! What might not the morrow bring? The real murderer might yet be detected, punished, and I allowed my freedom.

In a few moments we were gliding along the waters, away from the shore, which, with the exception of a few lights, was now almost lost to sight. Powerful were the

strokes of the hardy oarsman, swift were the strides we made through wind and wave. I was in a half reclining position in the bottom of the boat, and opposite the oarsman, while back of me sat the other guard ; I could not see him, but I imagined he held in his hand a drawn scabbard, with which to strike me were I to move or make any attempt at escape. My eyes were turned upward, gazing in vain at the heavens above for some bright star that might bid me hope ; but darkness was everywhere, above and around me ; nothing could be seen but the sombre surface of the water, nothing heard but the splashing of the waves, the whizzing of the wind. My legs were cramped, but I dared not move ; my arms were sore and helpless—and my thoughts ? Words cannot portray the images these brought to my mind. A horrible suspicion now haunted me—was I the innocent victim of some vile conspiracy ? Had I been trapped—ensnared ? Had the occasion of my being alone with Hewfik been seized by some revengeful enemy, who had foully murdered him, knowing that I should have to suffer the penalty of the crime ? The more I thought of this, the more was I convinced that such must be the case. I had not touched the Pasha ; I was unarmed, and, more than that, I lay senseless on the floor, only to open my eyes to see him dead at my side. The cruel, the cowardly act ! The vile, the hideous soul that would deliberately cast on another the odium of one's own dastardly deed ! There his enemy lay in wait, behind one of those ample hangings, ready to spring upon his unsuspecting victim and—oh, the coward !—strike him in the back. Maybe—and this seemed the more plausible theory—maybe one of Hewfik's menials had been hired, bribed, for some paltry sum, to strike down his master. Vile country of deceit, intrigue !

Another thing that terrified me was the death-like silence of my guards ; not a word had they uttered since they bound my arms with that rope which now seemed imbedded in deep recesses in my suffering flesh. Were they dumb, or was there a law in the Turkish Empire compelling officers to perform their duty in absolute silence ? A hundred times did I feel like speaking—asking them where they were taking me and pleading for mercy—but a hundred times the fear of that scabbard, which I imagined was upheld above me, chained my tongue.

Terrible as was this enforced silence to me, it was naught as compared to the protracted, ominous silence of those who seemed to hold my fate in their hands.

How long we were on the water I know not—it seemed an eternity to me. When I thought of the incidents which had occurred since I left my hotel that evening, it was as though I had lived a thousand lives, the climax of which was something worse than death.

At last the oars slackened ; a shock, as though the boat had struck a rock, and I heard the man back of me spring to his feet, while his companion, resting his oars, came to assist him in removing me from the boat.

It was still dark ; I could see little or nothing around me. The oarsman, having landed me safely, returned to his boat, and soon I heard the measured strokes die away in the distance, while the other guard, placing his hand, as formerly, on my shoulder, guided me along. We followed the shore for some distance, and then turning inland, passed through what seemed to me, in the dark, a dense forest. Here the wind howled wildly ; the trees swayed violently to and fro, the leaves falling upon us while we silently kept on in our dreary path. Once, overcome by the temptation to speak, I fell on my knees

and implored my companion to tell me what my fate must be ; but my voice received no answer save the rustling of the leaves.

On we went, the darkness seeming to increase with the wind, and as yet no indications as to the end of our dreary pilgrimage.

Finally we emerged from the forest, and after walking a short distance, we halted. As I stood still, I heard heavy footsteps behind me, and was about to turn, when my guard led me, through a low entrance, into a place where no light was perceptible. He released his grip for a second ; suddenly I felt my arms free ; the rope dropped to the ground ; a sigh of relief escaped me ; but I shuddered as I heard a door close with a loud noise and a heavy key turn in the lock. Where was I ? In some lonely dungeon, in some solitary cave ? Whatever it be, I was in darkness, and alone with my gloomy thoughts.

CHAPTER IX.

FOR a long while I remained erect and motionless, not daring to move, for I feared that some trap, some death-giving pit might be within a pace of where I stood. But soon I became so tired and exhausted that, forgetting my previous fears, I fell to the floor and closed my eyes. In vain did I invoke sleep to relieve my weary brain, my sore and almost disjointed body. I tossed from side to side, bewailing my fate, for I expected never again to see the light of day.

Deprived of all hope, however small, of ever seeing the fair face of my sweet Elvira ; of ever being free to

roam over the world I once had loved ; and, above all, the horror, the shame of occupying a murderer's cell, how could my thoughts be other than those of the deepest misery, the darkest despair ? Oh, how I longed for sweet liberty, for air, for light !

Though I had given up all idea of sleep, I still kept my eyes closed, my head buried in my arms. Time wore on, when, suddenly turning, I happened to look upward, and to my amazement saw the dawn of day breaking in through a skylight above me : it was like a revelation. No greater joy than mine does he feel who, blind since birth, first sees a ray of light. I sat up and gazed around me. What was my surprise when I realized I was in no gloomy dungeon, but in a small room, not elegant, it is true, but with every requisite piece of furniture, and, above all, a bed ; and I had endeavored, during those endless hours, to rest my tired body on the hard floor !

In an instant I was on my feet, looking around. Long did I linger under the window (the only one in the room), which was in the centre of the ceiling, and gaze up at and welcome the bright rays of light which a kind nature seemed to send to cheer a broken-down, an accused but guiltless being.

The first excitement over, I began to realize my situation once more ; I threw myself on the bed and endeavored to sleep—in vain ! Was I then to know rest no more ? Was I ever to retain consciousness of pain of body and turmoil of soul ? To be oblivious, to forget, if but for one moment, was now my strongest, my only hope ; but the light I had craved for but an hour ago now proved offensive to my eye, and deprived me of sleep.

Everything had been as silent as death up to the pres-

ent time, when suddenly I heard footsteps, then a key turn in the key-hole, and the door opened. A man of enormous proportions, with face so covered that only the eyes were visible, stood before me. He held in his hand a small tray, which he placed on a table, and without uttering a word, withdrew—not forgetting, however, to lock and bolt the door behind him.

I had no appetite for food ; my head was burning ; I remained on the bed, not even feeling any curiosity to see what the jailer had left on the table.

At noon, or what I imagined to be noon—for my watch had run down—the same individual returned, removed one tray, and deposited another in its place ; still I could not eat. When evening came the same performance was repeated, only that the tray was larger and the dishes more numerous. With tears in my eyes, I appealed to the jailer to tell me where I was and what my fate was to be, but he answered me not, nor even looked at me, and locked the door as on previous occasions.

I ate, without relish however, a few morsels, and renewed my attempts to sleep. No ! I was destined once more to endure the endless horrors of a sleepless night.

Three days went by as did the first. On the fourth I was in such a frame of mind that I firmly resolved to do something desperate—either put an end to my miserable existence by my own hands, or make a bold attempt at escape. This state of things could last no longer, or I should go mad. Not another night should I spend under that prison roof ; the next morning should see me a free or a dead man. I was for the present, no doubt, in some house of detention ; before long I should be removed to some place of greater security, and, alas ! fewer comforts. Were not my chances of escape better now than they might be at any future period, in any other

locality ? I was visited but three times a day, at fixed intervals, and at no other time was I molested. I had ample opportunity to make full investigations—investigations, however, which limited themselves to the skylight, for therein alone lay any possibility of escape.

No sooner had my jailer made his evening tour and locked the door for the last time that day than I, as noiselessly as possible, moved the table to the centre of the room ; on this I placed a chair, and standing thereon I found the window within easy reach of my hands. There were many bolts, chains, and other fastenings, but after considerable difficulty I managed to master them. So far so good ; I could easily reach the roof ; but how far was the roof from the ground ? This, however, bothered me but a short while ; I would willingly run the risk of fracturing my leg again to escape from this den, if not of physical, of mental torture.

But although everything on the surface looked so promising, I was far from being confident. If few precautions had been taken on the inside, no doubt severe ones had been taken on the outside.

Sentinels probably were treading up and down, day and night, keeping vigilant watch ; but my most terrible fear was that maybe no sentinels were needed ; perhaps no iron doors and chains were requisite, for my lonely prison might be on some small island, many miles from the shore, and all escape impossible. Alas ! the more I thought of this, the more was I convinced it must be so ; if little show of precaution was made, was it not that precaution was useless, the deep waters answering better than the thickest walls ?

CHAPTER X.

NIGHT had come, and I was still resolved on making an attempt, however desperate, and taking those chances a man would take who, while loving life deeply, yet prefers death to a life of captivity.

I had made up my mind to wait till midnight, when most of the guards had retired and, I hoped, fallen asleep. Till then there was naught for me to do but recline on the bed and meditate on the probable results of the events of that night. Slowly the hours whiled away. Like the condemned murderer awaiting his doom, hoping for yet scarce expecting a reprieve, a short lease of life, I sat waiting in darkness—darkness so complete that my hand placed before my eyes was invisible. Suddenly I heard a noise like the distant roar of thunder; nearer and nearer it came; louder and louder. Heavens be praised—a storm! The wild elements, more kind than inhuman man, had come to my assistance and would protect me in my escape. Flash after flash, roar after roar; that which brought terror to most souls was like sweet music to my ear. I deemed it time to act. Groping around in the dark, I had climbed up both table and chair, and the next moment, having hoisted the skylight, I was on the roof—a large, flat roof apparently. I had removed my shoes and tied them around my waist with a string, so as to make no noise, and yet have the freedom of my hands. It was so dark I could see nothing before or around me, and had to rely for guide on my sense of touch. Trembling, I crept to the end of the roof, and without wasting one moment deliberating, I jumped. Much to my surprise, I landed on my feet in what must have been a plot of

newly-worked earth, for I felt it give way under me. The distance could not have been great, for I was uninjured, and began to run swiftly, as though pursued.

Wildly I rushed on through rain and darkness, expecting every moment to hear the report or see the flash of a musket; from behind every tree I feared some guard would spring upon and seize me; the noise of my own footsteps I mistook a hundred times for those of my pursuers. On, on I ran, not knowing wherefrom, whereto—through open spaces and densely wooded parts—now falling to the ground, then stumbling against some tree.

At last, exhausted and gasping for breath, I sunk heavily to the earth, feeling as though I had neither strength nor energy to proceed farther. How far I had run I knew not, but I deemed myself beyond the immediate reach of my pursuers, and the distance I had travelled convinced me that my fears of being caged in an island were unfounded—at least, if this be an island, it was one of no small dimensions. Having rested awhile, I breathed more freely, and thought it advisable to continue my flight—without running, however, for I had tried to put on my shoes, but found it impossible to do so, so swollen were my feet.

Off again on my doubtful tramp, for I was, alas! as much lost in point of plans as in point of locality. I knew not where I was, where I was going; but if I did, what should I do? With the morning I should be found, recaptured; though not a murderer, I was known as such, and would be pursued till caught. No one did I know whose friendly roof might offer me kind shelter. My only hope was to reach Pera and place myself in the hands of the English ambassador, and rely on him to see that justice were done me. Any other course than this, in such a country, would be hazardous—nay, useless.

By a lucky accident I struck an open road, more even by far than the country over which I had previously travelled. The storm had abated somewhat ; there were breaks in the clouds, and here and there a star was visible.

I walked on as long and as rapidly as my lame condition would permit, and was on the point of sitting down on the roadside and taking another rest, when I suddenly perceived in the distance innumerable lights : it must be Constantinople !

Kind chance had guided me, through the dark, in the right direction ; and yet my fears, my doubts now increased as I saw the great city before me, and realized where my journey must end. I dreaded to think what there awaited me.

Giving up all idea of rest, I hastened on, bent on making every effort to reach the city before daybreak, for my condition was bound to arouse suspicion wherever I might appeal for rest or shelter the next day ; so, tired as I was, I dragged myself along, still haunted by the gloomy thoughts which had never left me, while waking, since that fatal night.

I passed several men on the road, each one causing my heart to sink, while a silent prayer went up thanking the heavens for the utter darkness that prevailed. Often I imagined I heard mysterious mutterings emanate from behind the bushes and trees I passed—and all had reference to me. My fears had prepared me for anything ; nothing in reality could surpass or equal what these anticipated.

The lights of the city were still far off in the distance ; I was almost exhausted, and a dread fear came over me lest I should break down before my journey's end. Anxiously did I turn again and again and gaze at the east,

but there were no signs of dawn as yet ; the shades of night still hung over the earth.

My clothes soaked with rain and spattered with mud ; my feet paining me beyond endurance ; the perspiration rolling down my forehead, I was now but a short distance from Constantinople, when a gray light in the eastern sky announced at last the break of day.

I was hurrying through the outskirts of the city, the barking and howling of dogs being the only sounds which reached my ears, when suddenly I felt a heavy hand on my shoulder : a sensation of helplessness, of despair overcame me ; I sank to the ground.

My worst forebodings were realized. Two powerful men now held me on either side and hurried me along the muddy streets. What disgrace ! What humiliation ! Alas ! I had escaped one cell but to be dragged into another and gloomier one.

CHAPTER XI.

My former prison was a paradise compared to the one I now occupied. Evidently my attempt at escape had prejudiced my cause, and the officials intended to deal harshly with me this time. Indeed, considering I was an innocent man, I had every reason to complain ; but of what avail ?

As soon as an opportunity offered, I sent a communication to the English ambassador, relating, in as concise a manner as possible, the circumstances of my case, and begging him to intercede in my behalf. I waited anxiously, hour after hour, to see once more the face of a countryman, but it was so long before my wish was grati-

fied, that I deemed myself deserted, abhorred by the whole world. Indeed, the hideousness of the crime of which I was accused was such that it justly merited the condemnation of all honorable men, and of my brave countrymen above all others ; but I was innocent ; I, least of all men, was capable of perpetrating so foul a deed ; yet, in the eyes of the world, I was the coward, the murderer !

At last, late in the afternoon, the jailer made his appearance ; with him was a gentleman, evidently an Englishman, who informed me, in a subdued voice, that the ambassador had received my communication. He stated that he, Mr. Everett, had been selected by his Excellency to consult with and advise me. He sympathized with me in my distressing—"painful" he termed it—position, but promised to look into the matter carefully and see what might be done. "Yet," he added, deliberately, "taking the case as a whole, I scarcely feel justified in giving you any encouragement ; for while we would willingly accept as fact your statement that you are innocent, everything so far known of the case points solely to you as the only possible murderer of Hewfik."

In answer to numerous questions, Mr. Everett narrated the following facts :

"The murder, which was known the night of its committal, created a great sensation. The first theory was that the crime was a political one, and the removal of Hewfik a State affair (such things not being unfrequent, even in our days, in this peculiarly constituted, oddly governed, and unhappy country). When, subsequently, it was ascertained by the detectives—from information obtained from Hewfik's attendants—that a stranger, evidently a foreigner, had dined alone with the Pasha that night, a different version of the affair was

accepted. Every effort was made, though in vain, to ascertain the name and antecedents of Hewfik's guest on the night of the murder. His sudden disappearance and protracted absence were taken as the strongest proofs of his guilt. Yet, as the papers remarked, it seemed highly improbable that Hewfik should be murdered by one who was then enjoying his hospitality. Conjectures innumerable were made, but nothing definite was known till two days ago, when information was sent to the police that a young Englishman, by name of Heriot, for some time a guest at the *Hôtel d'Angleterre*, had been missing several days. His rooms were searched at once, and among other papers found on the table was an invitation from Hewfik Pasha to dine with him on the same evening the murder was committed. Hence there could be no doubt as to the identity of Hewfik's guest. As numerous attendants, questioned separately, testified that the stranger was alone with Hewfik in the room, it was generally accepted that, under the influence of liquor, or perhaps provoked by the Pasha, who, at times, was very irritable and abusive, he had killed him and escaped. When it was further noticed that he kept himself away from his hotel, and was consequently secreting himself from the police, all doubts of his criminality vanished."

So bewildered was I, so perplexed, so broken down and disheartened at hearing my own countryman bring proof after proof—and plausible proof—of my being the murderer, that it was not till Mr. Everett left me to my dreary solitude that an infinity of things which I might have told him rushed to my mind. Mr. Everett had declared that I was only known to be the slayer of Hewfik two days ago, and yet I had been arrested and imprisoned the very night of the murder. Here were facts which failed to agree and helped add to my distressing per-

plexities. Where then had I been, who were my captors, whence had I escaped? Dark, impenetrable mystery! Indeed, Hewfik, dead, was more to be envied than I, alive; his sufferings had ceased forever; mine, alas! had but commenced. As I grew calmer I recalled a hundred incidents which had escaped my memory; things began to appear clearer, more distinct, and I became gradually convinced that I was, with poor Hewfik, the victim of a vile conspiracy. What confirmed this view more than aught else was the perfect understanding which seemed to exist between the two men who bound my arms and led me through the mysterious passage. Quick in their movements, they accomplished everything without uttering a word; they knew every inch of the palace—moved around in the dark as though they could see where others would be as blind. Above all, that boat, there, beyond a doubt awaiting the consummation of the terrible tragedy, convinced me that the crime was premeditated.

I longed for the morrow when I could tell all these things to Mr. Everett, and have him open a new channel of investigation which might clear me of this horrible charge. I was bothered and restless more than at any time since my arrest.

Morning at last! Bright and beautiful without, but how dark, how gloomy within!

Mr. Everett made his appearance earlier than I had expected. I hastened to tell him how, under the excitement of the moment, many things had escaped my mind during his visit of yesterday, and I gave him a minute account of all that transpired immediately before and after Hewfik's death, omitting no detail, however small. When I spoke of being bound with a rope, led through a dark passage, placed in a boat, and then im-

prisoned, Mr. Everett shook his head and said, with a smile :

“ I fear the Pasha’s *raki* proved a little too strong for your brain.”

“ What,” I exclaimed with indignation, “ is everything I mention concerning that fearful night to be considered as the result of over-indulgence ? Is all to be proclaimed illusion save the assertion that I committed a vile murder ?”

“ But,” asked Mr. Everett, “ how could you have been arrested and imprisoned five days ago, when it was only known three days ago who you were ; and not till then, consequently, could you have been accused of committing the crime ? You say you were imprisoned the night of the murder ; why, the police were scouring the country in search of a man they know not, but in whom they hoped to detect evidences of crime. No ; I fear that story will only damage your case ; you had better drop it.”

In vain did I try to impress upon him my conviction that others had committed the crime and taken advantage of my being alone with Hewfik to let fall on me the responsibility of the foul deed. He shook his head ominously, and said that as long as there was no other evidence to sustain mine, he feared my statement would prove of but little advantage ; he confessed to me frankly that my case was almost a hopeless one ; that while there was nothing but circumstantial evidence against me, yet *that* was preponderously against me ; and the only possible palliation of the crime was that it was committed under the influence of liquor. “ Had you,” he said, “ returned to your hotel that night and not attempted to evade arrest, it might have been different ; but your protracted absence, your concealment will be urged as powerful proof of conscious guilt.”

I was silent—I was in despair; alas! was I, once proud, ambitious, to pass from this world with the brand of a murderer upon my name? Certainly, things did look dark for me; moreover, I realized that I had lost my once sharp penetration of thought, my power of grasping and elucidating things of a doubtful nature; in one word, I was, mentally and physically, but a shadow of my former self. What irritated, what provoked me more than aught else was Mr. Everett's statement that while he, personally, did not doubt my story, others would look at it as an illusion, produced by the vapors of liquor or the effects of a mind naturally deranged when the horrors and dangers of the situation were realized. This I readily understood to be a delicate way of saying that my story was nothing but a bold fabrication. Seeing that my protests were useless and my assertions disregarded, I told Mr. Everett that I would like to telegraph to London for funds, and that I wished to place in his hands any sum necessary to instigate the detectives to make a new and thorough search—if not to prove the guilt of others, at least to confirm my statements and declaration of innocence. Mr. Everett's serious face broke out into a broad smile when he heard the amount I was willing to spend. The discovery that I was a man of means had the desired effect; nothing—no, nothing should be left undone to bring upon the vile wretches the punishment they so richly deserved; an effort—a strenuous effort would be made to secure my release at an early day.

I signed the papers necessary for the transfer, by telegraph, of a large sum of money, and Mr. Everett left me with the assurance that, though things looked pretty bad, he was far from despairing of pulling me through all right, in some way or other.

CHAPTER XII.

SEVERAL days had gone by ; I had, on more than one occasion, been taken from the jail to the court and back to jail again. Mr. Everett, more polite and amiable than ever, called to see me daily and make his reports—some cheerful, some depressing. The detectives, stimulated by my transferred bank account, had scoured the country once more—had found small clues here and there, but nothing of a definite nature.

At last the day of trial came. Mr. Everett said he was thoroughly prepared, and claimed that, while the prosecution had a very strong case, he had material to fight them point by point. I will not weary the reader with the details and formalities of court-room proceedings for several days, nor give the tedious testimony of attendants, detectives, and the hundred other witnesses introduced for and against me ; the main points of my own statement are already known. I was calm and collected, though watched by an infinity of curious eyes ; for the court-room was crowded by many of the dignitaries of the empire and all the distinguished foreigners. Never did cause attract so much attention and interest. What the general feeling was toward me I knew not, but I had a secret presentiment that it was unfavorable ; for this I cared little, provided justice were done me.

The blood, however, rushed to my head and I trembled with anger and indignation when, the testimony being all in, the prosecutor rose to address the court ; he treated me most unmercifully, spoke of me most scornfully.

“ Who can doubt,” he said, “ that the defendant’s wonderful tale of midnight adventure on land and sea—

his mysterious wanderings through subterranean passages, his dreary imprisonment and daring escape—is borrowed from the beautiful pages of the ‘Thousand and One Nights ;’ that it was prepared, studied, and uttered as a premeditated plan of defence ? The learned court, versed in the substantial axioms of law, would not be led astray by this fragile tissue of fantastic imageries, as distant from plausibility as are fairy tales from facts.

“ Indeed the theory, advanced by some, that the prisoner’s earnest defence was the result of an illusion, produced by excessive use of liquor, was a most charitable one, but one beyond the recognition of law.

“ The great, the much-regretted Pasha had been murdered in his palace—by whom ? The prisoner admits that he was alone with the deceased ; twenty faithful attendants, examined separately, declared that no one save the defendant had seen their master that night, nor could any one have entered the room without their knowledge. And yet this court—this intelligent court—is told by the prisoner that, struck by his host, he fell senseless to the floor, and on coming to his senses saw Hewfik dead at his side, a dagger in his back !

“ A murderer, he attempts to cast the odium, the penalty of his crime on others. He says two men, whom he lightly accuses of being the assassins, seized and bound him with a rope and then carried him off ; yet he boldly asserts that these vile creatures, gratifying their private vengeance, were bent on making him appear as the perpetrator of the foul deed. Why, then, did they not leave him to his fate in that room of splendor and of death ? Why not fly and leave him alone with his supposed victim ? What were they doing with him upon whom they would have fall the penalty of their crime ? Bland, simple, childlike indeed, is this tale of woe ! The ab-

surdity, the stupidity of expert assassins, in their victim's house, surrounded by his guards and servants, with the natural fear of instant detection, momentarily expecting to be seized, wasting valuable minutes tying a rope around a man they knew not, feared not ! Why did they not stab him ? He was insensible when Hewfik fell, and instead of escaping to save their lives, the assassins, he says, wait till he recovers to carry him off—and for what purpose ? The wildest imagination cannot conceive. Great indeed were these men as daring assassins, but greater still as idiotic fools ! And where, I ask, is the mysterious *yali* wherein the prisoner says he was detained, while a hundred detectives were scouring the country for him ? Where, I ask, but no response comes. The police have searched the city, the suburbs for miles—in vain ! His statement is false ; his imprisonment a myth. Not a solitary fact has been brought forth to confirm his evidence. Conceived in his brain, there it still lingers and shall linger forever.

“ As for the detectives' evidence that the subterranean passage had been used about the time of the murder, we do not contend that it was not used, but we do solemnly protest against making it part of the absurd story of defendant. Causes and effects are more closely allied than rash statements and coincidences. That passage might have been opened for a thousand reasons—a thousand good reasons—but that it should have been used for the purposes assigned by the defence is most improbable, and partakes, like the rest of their story, of the nature of a fairy tale. But three of the servants of the dead Pasha knew of the existence of that passage ; how, then, could the assassins, strangers to the palace, know of it, or, knowing it, how could they have gained access to it ?

“ We all know the peculiarities of the much-lamented,

foully murdered Pasha ; if the mysterious passage was used at all, *he* knew wherefore. He is now dead ; his voice is silent forever ; from him we can expect no disclosure ; but from us he expects justice and that legal revenge which justice demands.”

A sigh of relief escaped me as the prosecutor resumed his seat, and Mr. Everett, rising to address the court, said he thought the eloquent gentleman had somewhat failed to grasp the difference of meaning between *prosecutor* and *persecutor*, but that, as no lasting injury had been done his client, he had deemed it unnecessary to stop the gentleman in his innocent outbursts of oratory. He then continued :

“ The evidence against the defendant is circumstantial—purely circumstantial—and imposes upon the court a task at once difficult and responsible—difficult, because there is nothing tangible, nothing positive whereon to base a judgment ; responsible, because justice is always pre-eminently responsible, but especially in this, as in similar cases where circumstantial evidence alone is introduced, because an error of judgment is not only fatal to the cause of the accused, but irredeemably fatal to the cause of justice itself.

“ I need not here recall to the honorable court the numerous cases wherein justice has miscarried owing to the fallacies which circumstantial evidence has produced. No life should be taken on a mere *supposition*. Evidence, I will admit, might be such as to trace an unmistakable course which, though *indirect*, leads *directly* to the perpetration of a crime. No such evidence as I speak of has been introduced in this case. The defendant is deprived of his liberty and stands before the world accused of the most heinous of crimes. Not only is he accused of having murdered a fellow-creature, but of having

stabbed in the back a man of distinction—one who had thrown open to him the doors of his house, who had extended a friendly hand and said : ‘ Come, be a welcome guest at my table.’ And upon what is this terrible accusation based ? Upon supposition—bare supposition.

“ The defendant is here to answer for the murder of Hewfik Pasha. What motive, I ask, could have prompted the murder ? What grudge had he to settle—what object to gain ? What possible purpose had he in view ? Here you have an effect without a cause—an incomprehensible, an impossible thing. Give me a cause if you can. I beg, I implore you, give me a cause. I’ll wait till the end of time and wait in vain, for a cause does not exist.

If the defendant killed Hewfik at all, it must have been in self-defence, and consequently justifiable ; but he makes no such claim, because such a claim would be unfounded. He was sworn to tell the truth—he told the truth. His manner, his speech, his earnestness, were such that those to whom they did not bring conviction must indeed be difficult to convince.

“ But let us pass in review some of the points which the eloquent prosecutor seemed to take pleasure in ridiculing and comparing to the wonderful imageries of the ‘ Arabian Nights.’ He accuses the assassins of idiocy for carrying away the defendant after they had stabbed Hewfik. Ah ! they were shrewder than he deems them. Removing and incarcerating the murdered Pasha’s guest was a clever strategy, thus giving the impression that, conscious of his guilt, he was hiding to escape the penalty thereof. The stronger the suspicion cast on him, the less suspicion would fall on them—the better chance for the real culprits to escape. A clever, a double precaution was that.

“ Bland, simple, childlike indeed must the eloquent

prosecutor be, if he take such assassins as these for idiotic fools. As regards the much-talked of *yali* wherein defendant was, for several days, deprived of his liberty, there is nothing, to my mind, remarkable about its being difficult to find. Being a refuge for assassins, it is not, as a matter of course, situated on the high road, nor in an open public place. Felons, counterfeiterers, and the like are not in the habit of hanging out signs for the benefit of police officers and detectives. They are a shrewd, a knowing lot ; were they less so the whole detective force might be abolished.

“ The prosecutor blames the defendant for not being able to describe, to locate the house, and for this ridicules his whole statement. The accused frankly admits that he is, on certain points, as much mystified as the prosecutor himself appears to be. He was taken to the house in the dark and escaped therefrom in the dark ; he would not know it if it were shown him ; how, then, could he point it out in a thousand ?

“ Another point—not spoken of, however, by the other side. The dagger found in the back of the murdered Pasha was not one a foreigner would be likely to carry. An Englishman does not, as a rule, dine out with a dagger hidden under his coat, and, least of all, one of this peculiar Oriental design. If it is the property of defendant, he must have purchased it here ; yet the police have failed to find the dealer from whom it was bought. The shops and bazaars of Galata, Scutari, and Stamboul had been searched in vain. Where is the dealer who sold the jewelled dagger ? To quote the eloquent prosecutor : ‘ Where—oh where ? ’ But no response comes.

“ Now, as regards the much-talked of subterranean passage. Once more I quote the words of the prosecutor : ‘ But three of the servants of the dead Pasha knew of

the existence of that passage ; how, then, could the assassins know of it ? ' How then, I ask, could the defendant, a perfect stranger, know of it ? It was he who first referred to it ; it was he who called the attention of the police to the use it had been put to by the assassins, as a means, if not of entering the palace, at least of escaping therefrom. If, of the numerous persons attached to the Pasha's household, but three knew of the existence of this passage, where, how did the defendant obtain his knowledge thereof ? An utter stranger, not only in the palace, but in the city, what better proof is needed of the veracity of his statement than his prior ignorance of such a passage and his subsequent reference thereto ? It proves conclusively that he had seen it, been through it ; and *that* was only possible under the circumstances referred to in his sworn statement.

“ In the face of these facts, clearly demonstrated, I ask whether the absence of the defendant from his hotel, which the prosecution endeavors to construe into an act of concealment and an attempt at escape, cannot be easily accounted for ?

“ No sooner does he escape from the den of the assassins—where he was forcibly detained—than he travels through mud, rain, and darkness, under most distressing circumstances—mental and physical—to surrender himself to the legal authorities, with the hope of bringing the guilty parties to justice.

“ The shades of the ‘ Arabian Nights ’ are fading fast ; a volume of solid facts is being substituted for the fairy tales referred to by the eloquent prosecutor.

“ I could speak for hours, but deem it unnecessary. To say more than has been said ; to offer proofs other than those already offered, I would deem an insult to the intelligence of the honorable court.

“No flights of eloquence, no protracted arguments, no powerful appeals are necessary ; the defendant does not crave for sympathy nor beg for mercy ; he demands justice.”

There was a moment's silence—dreadful silence to my sensitive ear. Elaborate and forcible as was Mr. Everett's argument, I still doubted its effect. I knew, from sad experience, how uncertain were all things ; Fortune had, long since, withdrawn her smile from me ; with uneasy heart I now awaited the result of these proceedings.

Suddenly I noticed a subdued commotion in the courtroom ; people looked around and whispered to each other ; the officials seemed excited, expectant—what did it all mean ? Through the crowd a man was seen to make his way ; coming nearer to me, I recognized the chief detective in the case, who, advancing, begged permission to make a statement.

After considerable discussion and secret consultations between the officers of the court, I was asked to give another and more minute account of the room I had occupied in the mysterious *yali* referred to, which the detectives had failed to find.

Wondering what all this meant, and fearing the ordeal of another trial, I looked anxiously at the detective, in the hope of reading in his face an explanation for this unexpected move, but without results. I gave the dimensions of the room, as near as I could estimate ; also the exact position of the skylight from which I had escaped, and, being a good draughtsman, I drew as many of the articles of furniture as I could remember ; and as these were not over-numerous and very simple, I found it an easy task.

A short while afterward the court adjourned, and I was led once more to my gloomy cell.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was not long before Mr. Everett came to see me ; indeed, I had waited for him anxiously. He informed me that the detectives had received a mysterious communication, from some unknown person, giving the locality of the much-talked-of *yali*, and that a careful investigation of the matter was now being made. He had no doubts as to the result, and congratulated me on my approaching release.

That night I enjoyed, for the first time in weeks, my cigar—a fragrant Havana. My spirits were brighter, my hopes better founded than they had been since the commencement of my troubles. Falling asleep, however, I had a terrible dream, from which I awakened, in the middle of the night, truly thankful that it was nothing but a dream. Yet, wide awake or half dozing, the horrible visions still fled before my mind ; I could not drive them away. I thought I stood in the crowded courtroom, a thousand penetrating eyes directed toward me ; Mr. Everett's countenance was downcast ; the prosecutor looked exultant. The announcement was made that the detectives, following the instructions given in the anonymous communication, had gone over the entire ground in vain ; nowhere was the *yali* to be found. A terrible silence followed, and then my ears caught the dread word "Guilty," which was re-echoed from mouth to mouth. I imagined myself, in chains, dragged through the streets, followed by an infuriated mob clamoring for vengeance on the infidel dog.

So vivid, so realistic were these pictures, that I rose and paced the small floor of my cell, longing for that terrible night to come to an end. The end came, but even

with the light of day the gloomy impressions of the night did not vanish ; my fears still lingered. Why, I asked myself, over and over again, should unmerciful assassins communicate to the authorities information that was to benefit, to save me ? It must be some clever ruse to damage, not better my cause ; it was some vile trick, and I doubted not that the proud, haughty prosecutor had a hand in it ; I deemed him capable of anything. Strenuously advocating a judicial murder, I placed him on a level with the base assassins of Hewfik.

When, several hours later, I was led into court, it was with dark presentiments of impending misfortunes. Though innocent, I felt as though the brand of murderer was indelibly impressed upon my brow ; the dread utterance “ Guilty ” resounded in my ears ; I shuddered as I was ushered in the presence of the court and the numerous assemblage of distinguished spectators. I looked anxiously at Mr. Everett—his countenance was immovable ; I cast a furtive glance at the hated prosecutor ; with head bent down, he was looking over some papers.

What was my surprise when it was stated that the *yali* had at last been found ! The detectives had examined my former prison and the articles it contained ; everything corresponded, in the most minute details, with the account I had given. Even the rope the assassins had bound me with, and which had been cut from my aching arms, was found in the room ; the imprints of my feet were seen on the roof ; and in the garden was found the spot where my feet had sunk into the soft soil below.

All doubts now vanished ; my original statement was, as far as I was personally concerned, verified from commencement to end. The prosecutor rose and made some

brief remarks, which went far to cancel the unfavorable opinion I had formed of him.

After a few formalities I was discharged from custody—proclaimed an innocent, a free man. Useless would it be for me to attempt to describe my feelings as the welcome words reached my ears, and as, a short while afterward, accompanied by Mr. Everett and an *attaché* of the embassy, I walked out into broad sunlight and breathed the pure fresh air, sweeter to me now than ever.

CHAPTER XIV.

THOUGH I had regained my liberty, my mind was far from being free. The dark mystery of the late events was as much a mystery now as on the night of Hewfik's tragic death. There was, as yet, no clew discovered that might lead to the identification of the assassins; the mysterious note giving information about the long-looked-for *yali* only added to the perplexities of the case. The house was in the exact locality described in the letter; there was no difficulty whatever finding it; it was vacant—for how long they could not ascertain. Inquiries in the neighborhood threw no new light on the subject other than the fact that the occupants were two men—one strong and of immense proportions, the other small. They had occupied the house but a short time; who they were and what their antecedents none knew. I had a long conference with the chief detective, but to him, as to me, everything was wrapt in mystery. As I declared that I could not, under any circumstances, identify the men, as I had never seen their faces nor heard their voices, it was

considered useless to detain me further, even as a means of convicting the assassins should they be caught.

So I determined to leave the scene of all my troubles, and return to England as soon as possible.

It was Wednesday ; in all probability I should be detained till Friday, settling a few matters with my lawyers and others, and on the afternoon of that day I intended turning my back forever on the fair city of the Bosphorus—fair, yes fairer than words can describe, but to me the city of gloom, disappointment, and sad recollections !

It had been my intention, had circumstances permitted, to direct my attention to the great puzzle of the East ; now, alas ! no more. It should be the effort—nay, the duty of my life to forget, forget forever, the lands of the East and the sad events connected therewith. The great Soliman's splendor and power could not now tempt me to dwell here longer. My stay was short, but I had tasted of surfeit.

Late on the Thursday afternoon—the last I was to spend in Constantinople—I sat alone in my room, thinking of the strange events of the last few weeks. I was depressed in spirits and sad ; I felt that a severe blow had been dealt me—one it should take years and endless efforts to overcome. I was no longer my former self ; my physical strength, my energy and will-power, seemed to have deserted me, now that I was most in need of them. The struggle to come would be a difficult one, but whatever force was left me I should make use of—with what results the future alone could determine.

Wishing to escape the gloom of my thoughts, I lit a cigar and strolled down to a retired point of the embankment. The air was soft and balmy, and as I gazed at the beautiful expanse of water before me, I felt tempted, as was Byron, to swim to the other shore. It was a long

time since I had indulged in such sport, and I realized that the task was clearly beyond my powers. To console myself, however, I hired a small boat and rowed out into the stream, and there, resting my oars, I sat and contemplated the beautiful scenes around me. The sun was low in the western sky and cast its brilliant rays on the domes and minarets of the ancient city, while the water reflected the gray, blue, and red of the heavens above. I was lost in reverie ; the dream—the strange dream—which had allured me to these distant shores came back, in vivid colors, to my memory ; it was such an evening as this, 'twas midst such Oriental scenes, that I had seen Elvira for one brief second. Visions of the past fled before my mind ; I thought of all the pains, the sorrows, the regrets that dream had caused me. Let Religion preach its miracles ; let Occultism mystify the senses ; let wonders and mysteries, dark and strange, be taught mankind—I might, perchance, believe them ; but dreams—no, never more !

The sun had now set, and the soft shades of twilight hung over the earth and the waters. From afar I heard the fading echoes of sweet music ; I gave a last lingering look above and around me, and with a half unconscious sigh resumed my oars and pulled for the shore.

When, but a short distance from land, I turned to locate myself, the only living beings which met my view were two women hurrying along the deserted road. The next moment I had landed, and while hesitating which way to direct my steps, the two figures came up to me. Both were clad simply, in sombre colors, and heavily veiled. I was about to turn homeward, when suddenly I heard a shriek and saw one of the women fall in the arms of the other. I rushed forward, thinking to be of some service, just as the heavy veil was lifted from the

face of the fainting woman. I knelt down by her side, while a cold chill ran through my veins ; there, pale as death, and unconscious, lay my long-lost, never-forgotten Elvira.

Strange, perplexing fatality ! On the silent shore, as in my dream, and in the fading twilight did I meet once more her whom I longed to see !

Elvira's companion, who spoke English well and had heard my exclamation of surprise on seeing her face, begged me to move on, saying there was no danger and I could be of no service ; but I was riveted to the spot, and could neither speak nor move.

After a while Elvira opened her eyes, and as she saw me, smiled and extended her hand.

So bewildered was I by these strange events, which, in reality, seemed to me like a dream, that I scarce remember what I said, other than offering to escort her home. To this Elvira shook her head, while her companion looked anxiously toward the water, and then, of a sudden, began to wave her handkerchief in the air.

A few minutes later a boat, rowed by a single man, came along the shore. Elvira rose slowly, and taking my hand, said, in a trembling voice, that she had not lost all memory of days gone by ; she was pleased to see me once more, but now had to leave—with regret.

In vain did I implore for leave to accompany her ; she said her mother was dead and she was now living with relatives ; they were deep in sorrow and mourning, and could see no one. I feared that if I now allowed Elvira to escape me I should never see her again. Now, more than ever, did I feel that happiness would vanish forever if life were to be spent without her whom alone I loved on earth.

Taking her hand, I said : “ My life, of late, has been

sad beyond expression ; misfortune and disappointment have attended me daily ; I have suffered tortures untold ; but all will be obliterated if you allow me one brief hour in your company." I felt her hand tremble in mine, while with a faltering voice she said :

"Impossible."

"If I may not see you to-night—to-morrow—tell me at least where you will be a month hence—six months—a year."

She hesitated a long while, and then whispered in tones so low I scarce could hear them :

"I leave shortly for America. I go to New York, and from there wherever destiny may guide me. Adieu."

A minute later I heard the oars of the boat splash in the water, while I stood on the shore like one awakening from a dream, his thoughts wandering, his wits half sleeping.

CHAPTER XV.

THAT night, like many others I had known of late, was a sleepless one. Over and over again I rubbed my eyes, endeavoring to convince myself that my senses deceived me not. Strange coincidences I had heard and read of, but none compared to my strange dream and meeting of Elvira. I forgot poor Hewfik and his sad end ; forgot all the trials and tribulations of the last few months ; forgot everything save Elvira and the unforeseen events which had brought me face to face with her. Poor girl ! she seemed in sore distress ; she appeared pleased to see me, and yet anxious that I should leave her. Alone,

in this distant city, perhaps with harsh, unsympathizing relatives, who deprived her of all liberty, she was anxious, no doubt, to join some friends in America. There was a sad page in that young life which I longed to read. Were I even to fail in my fondest hopes, I should yet be happy to extend a friendly, a helping hand to that fair creature.

Strange, how beauty, so rare a gift, and one which should prove a blessing, is oft the curse of its possessor. Often, sighing for love, it is sold for gold, and thereafter knows love no more. Perhaps it was to escape one she loathed that Elvira now took her flight to a distant land, like certain birds, which travel far to escape the rigorous climate which might cause their death. If there is aught sad on earth, 'tis a young heart frozen by the absence of love and its longed-for warmth. Now that her mother was dead, she had none to protect her, none to console her. Oh, that I knew her story and could share her sorrows !

When morning came I realized how serious a mistake I had made in not asking Elvira where I could see her in New York. It was now too late, and no time should be lost in vain attempts to find her in this mazy city. I should take my departure at once and wait the arrival, in New York, of every steamer. Thus it should be difficult for me to miss her.

I left Constantinople by the morning express, and was soon pushing northward, at the rate of nearly a mile a minute. I remained but a few days in London, to settle some business matters, and then started for Liverpool, whence I sailed on the "City of Montreal."

Oh, how I love thee, endless ocean, with naught but space above, around me ; how I love the thoughts thou dost engender ! My soul untrammelled, unconfined,

finds unlimited fields wherein to wander. But on this occasion my thoughts were not unlimited ; space, eternity, not the fields through which they wandered ; confined to one small being—fairer, dearer to me than all nature in its infinite variety—they lingered fondly on Elvira !

We arrived in New York early in the morning, having made the trip in a little less than ten days.

Though I felt a natural curiosity to see the great metropolis of the Western hemisphere, I seldom travelled far from my hotel, being determined to let no occasion of seeing Elvira on her arrival escape me. Several days went by, but as yet I had met with nothing but disappointment. I grew anxious and often despondent. I still remembered distinctly the last words of Elvira. “ I leave shortly for America,” she had said. That “ shortly ” might have meant a few hours. It was nine o’clock when I reached my hotel—after meeting her—and the evening express had left an hour before then. Perhaps it was the fear of being late that had caused her and her companion to display such anxiety, else why should she, who once found pleasure in my company, deny me the short hour I had begged of her ?

The “ Alaska ” had sailed from Liverpool two days before the “ City of Montreal,” and had shot across the ocean in less than eight days. By leaving Constantinople the night I met her, Elvira had ample time to catch the fastest steamer afloat. Perhaps she had reached New York five days ahead of me, and thence had gone, as she said herself, wherever destiny might lead her. I was perplexed beyond expression, and blamed myself a hundred times for the stops I had made in London and elsewhere on the road.

I had wandered thousands of miles, allured on by a fairy vision, which vanished ever from my willing grasp.

Day after day, with that feeling of expectancy which ever lingers in our breast till dread certainty relieves all doubt and kills all hope, I repaired to the different landings, and with eager eye watched the face of every passenger leaving the steamers. In vain ! Night after night I returned to my hotel weary, sad, and despondent.

One of two things appeared certain : either Elvira had taken passage on the " Alaska " and left New York without stopping at a hotel, or else she was an artful deceiver, and knowing that I would follow her the world over, had placed a continent, an ocean between herself and the man who loved her.

Fortune had smiled on me but for one brief moment—a treacherous smile, which bade me hope but to plunge me once more in the dark depths of despair.

Though everything tended to convince me that I had been deceived, I still resisted the thought. It is true I had known Elvira but a short while, but ample opportunity had been given me to observe and study her. The most thorough search failed to reveal a frivolous trait in her character : she was kind, sincere, thoughtful—impulsive at times, but her impulses were always noble. That most noticeable was a sad undercurrent to all her thoughts ; her laugh, though apparently hearty, always had, to me at least, an indescribable ring of sadness. At times I had seen her lips and nerves compressed, as though suppressing an outburst of tears. No—there was naught light, deceitful about her ; she may have misled me, but not intentionally. Who knew what obstacles might have been thrown in her way and thwarted her cherished plans ?

I still believed her true, sincere ; and yet, as time wore on, I thought, involuntarily, of others—many others—who had been deceived by those they deemed perfection.

History and romance narrate of few fair women whose hearts and faces correspond in worth. Of experience I had little, but the experience of generations, ages and ages back, was there to warn me of woman's frailty.

Ah ! woman, if you but knew your magic influence, your power over man ; if you but realized how absolute was your sway over this world, you could, if willing, teach man to practise virtue, act honorably, speak truthfully, live honestly ; you could make him the personification of virtue instead of the incarnation of vice ; a new, a beautiful era—grander, nobler than aught the millennium might suggest—would dawn on earth ; metaphysical dogmas would be put to shame by physical facts ; blind faith would be replaced by solid conviction ; the churches of man would be visited as are the ancient temples of Rome and Athens—objects of curiosity—monuments to credulity, superstition ; a profitable profession would be lost, but the millions which foolish governments annually grant that profession would be saved, and all this the work of woman—she the goddess, the high priestess of the world !

I wander ; but I return to you, O reader ! with joy in my heart. History and romance may narrate of fair faces, sweet smiles, and deceitful tongues ; not of such is Elvira—incomparable Elvira !

One morning—simply by force of habit and without a vestige of hope within me—I strolled down to the waterfront. It was a clear, beautiful morning ; the sun shone bright, the air was soft and pure. I espied in the distance a steamer ; nearer and nearer she came ; at last I recognized the enormous proportions of the “ Alaska.” Twice had she crossed the stormy Atlantic since that memorable trip on which, I thought, she had borne Elvira ahead of me.

In a short while I stood watching the passengers as they landed. What were my joy, my surprise, as my long-expecting eyes rested at last on the face, the form of Elvira ! On seeing me she rushed forward, and pressing my hand, told me what pleasure it was to see a friendly face on a foreign shore. She explained, in a few words, how, contrary to her wishes, she had been detained in Constantinople longer than she expected ; then, turning to a pleasant-looking matron by her side, she said :

“ Let me introduce you to Mrs. Lasco—a good friend, a second mother to me.”

Elvira offered no objections to my accompanying her and Mrs. Lasco to their hotel.

CHAPTER XVI.

My whole life was now changed. As I had once considered myself the most unfortunate of mortals, I now deemed myself the most fortunate. Each day, happy in itself, was preceded by sweet anticipations of the next. Had I not, heretofore, been uneasy and anxious, my present circumstances would have lost that pleasant acuteness of contrast, that bright sparkle of novelty, which give a zest to every action, every word, every thought.

I saw Elvira and Mrs. Lasco daily ; often lunched and dined with them, and spent in their company evenings which had but one defect—they were too short.

Elvira was much pleased with New York, and seemed to like the American people immensely—she knew not wherein particularly, but she found them generally fascinating ; and I thought much as she did.

Now that her mother was dead, her old home and haunts had lost their charm ; and having heard so much of this great nation, she had come to visit America, with the intention, if she liked it, of spending the rest of her days on its hospitable shores.

We took numerous excursions in the neighborhood, always accompanied, of course, by Mrs. Lasco—an intelligent, amiable woman, who seemed devotedly attached to Elvira.

After spending a few days at Long Branch, we ran up to Newport, which Elvira declared to be the most charming place she had ever visited. We knew no one, and consequently enjoyed that ease and liberty unknown to those who, day and night, are surrounded and observed by a host of acquaintances. To be unknown in a place is like being at a ball in a mask ; whoever has participated in the mad frivolities of masquerades knows what pleasurable security one enjoys in the disguise.

One afternoon, on our return to New York, we took a sail up the Hudson, and Elvira went into ecstasies over the picturesque scenery and beautiful places we passed. Not far from Y—— we caught a glimpse of a small house, charmingly situated, and commanding a fine view of the river ; the garden, as much as we could see of it, was exquisitely laid out ; the sun shining, here and there, on open lawns offered contrast to the quiet shade of numerous groves of trees. It was a little dreamland, and Elvira gazed and gazed at the spot till it was lost to sight ; then she sighed, and, looking down at the water, sat silent for a long while.

Several days later I ascertained that a certain Mr. W—— was the proprietor of the place which Elvira and I had, of one accord, named “ Dreamland.” I called at once on an agent and told him I should be obliged if

he would, in some way or other, find out whether Mr. W—— was willing to dispose of his property, as I knew of a party who was desirous of purchasing it, provided the price was not exorbitant.

The next day I was informed that the owner, who had spent much time and money embellishing his home—which, though small, was by far the prettiest in the neighborhood—had, several years ago, lost the bulk of his once large fortune on Wall Street, and was reluctantly compelled to mortgage the property; and rather than have it come under the hammer, he preferred to dispose of it at private sale, if possible. The price asked was large, but yet within the limit I had mentally decided upon.

I paid many visits to the place, and was more and more pleased each succeeding time. Everything that taste, comfort, and luxury could suggest was there. The house was a model of perfection, and the grounds and views therefrom made the name “Dreamland” appropriate in every sense.

The titles to the property examined and passed upon, I willingly paid the price asked, and not only felt pride at being the proprietor of such a fair spot, but rejoiced in the conviction that I had made a capital bargain; for which, however, I was more indebted to circumstance than to any great effort of my own.

CHAPTER XVII.

ALL of the foregoing was done quietly, and without breathing a word to Elvira. This was one of several steps I intended taking, the others to follow in the near future.

One evening, returning from the theatre, where we had seen that most perfect of modern plays, “Daniel Rochat,” I asked Elvira whether she and Mrs. Lasco would join me, on the morrow, in a little excursion out of town — provided, of course, the weather was fine. She agreed, and we parted.

Early the next day I called ; Elvira was in the best of spirits ; she wore her prettiest dress, and looked fresh and fair as the bright summer morning.

We sailed up the Hudson, as on the afternoon I referred to before, only the day was warmer and pleasanter. We stopped at Y——, where an open carriage awaited us, and in an hour’s time we were seated on the terrace of “Dreamland,” gazing at the beautiful scene before us. What were Elvira’s thoughts and feelings when she gradually realized that I was lord of these fair domains, I know not. She seemed amazed at first, then delighted, and then changed suddenly, as though some terrible consciousness oppressed her ; her smile vanished ; her eyes seemed to gaze into the far distance ; her laughter was heard no more ; her tread was slow and measured, as one in a trance. Those spots, those vistas I thought would please her most were passed by unnoticed ; surprises I had prepared everywhere surprised her in no sense ; a delicious luncheon, served on the lawn, in the shade of the trees, was scarcely touched ; Elvira, to all my questions, returned but monosyllables.

Alas ! this day I had so anxiously looked forward to I now wished had never come ; I cursed the whim, the folly which made me think of making this fatal place my home ; no happy dreamland was it to be for me—Elvira seemed to be herself no more.

I was glad when the ordeal of luncheon was over. I intended asking Elvira to take a stroll with me, to sit by

my side on the terrace overlooking the river, and there tell me the cause of this sudden change ; but as she rose from the rustic table she covered her eyes with her hands, and throwing her head back, as though in great mental agony, she remained motionless for several moments ; then, resting heavily on Mrs. Lasco's arm, she moved toward the house.

I followed, begging to know what ailed her, and offering to send for a physician, but she declined ; I insisted ; she said positively she did not need one, would not see one. On reaching the house she asked whether there was any necessity of returning to town before sunset ; I told her there was no hurry whatever—in fact, she could, if she chose, remain all night ; I wished her to consider the place as her own ; the longer she remained, the happier I should feel.

I showed them to the prettiest room in the house, and before taking my leave, begged Elvira to lie down and rest, and, if possible, sleep.

I lit a cigar and sat on the veranda, thinking of these strange occurrences.

That poor Elvira was suffering intensely was evident ; yet I could see plainly it was no bodily ailment—it was mental, it was turmoil of soul.

In vain did I make a thousand conjectures. I was certain of nothing ; Elvira's life was a mystery to me ; of her past I knew little, save the episode of our brief acquaintance in Dublin. I had often, since her arrival in America, begged her to tell me the story of her life. "Not now—some day, some day," she would say. Had the day come ; had she realized that I loved her, that I intended asking her to be my life companion ; that I had a right to know what the story of that past life was ? Did she dread the day, now that it had come ? And

yet what was there—what could there be that caused her to fear? Ah! perhaps the certain knowledge that I had bought this property and invited her there, for the sole purpose of begging her to be the queen of my “Dreamland,” had caused this uneasiness, this mental pain, this too apparent struggle. She respected me as a friend—could she love me as a husband? Did she fear the hour, she knew must come, when I should beg her to be my bride, and she must say “Nay”?

CHAPTER XVIII.

I SAT for hours alone, undisturbed. I saw the sun set, in a blaze of fire, behind the western hills; the day gradually vanished; then came soft twilight; then a beautiful, a quiet, but a sad evening followed; my thoughts were gloomy, my soul wrought with anxiety.

After a while I heard footsteps on the veranda. I turned, and Mrs. Lasco stood before me. “Elvira,” she said, “has rested a little, and, if agreeable to you, would like to take a stroll in the grounds.”

A few minutes later, with Elvira leaning on my arm, I was walking down the shady avenue which led to the river.

The moon, at its full, was seen through the trees, rising slowly in the heavens. All did now look like dreamland indeed—the lawns, the groves, the country beyond, the gentle noises of the waters below, whose ripples reflected the silver light of the sun of night. Ah! were she at my side but her old, her former self, with a smile on her lips, my happiness should be complete;

but she was silent—had scarce spoken a dozen words in all—and I—I dared not speak ; if she had aught to say, let her say it without pressure on my part.

We had reached the terrace overlooking the river ; Elvira, exhausted, sank into a large rattan chair, while I sat by her side. Our eyes lingered long on the plains of the earth, then wandered to the endless spheres of the heavens above. Suddenly, as though overcome by some strong emotion, Elvira seized my hand, and in a soft, trembling voice, spoke thus :

“ You have often asked me to tell you the story of my life. My best, my only friend, you are entitled to know all. Listen : My life has been a sad one—a life of temptations, a life of resistance. Not like the quiet river, which flows at our feet, has the course of my days been ; rather like the tempestuous ocean’s, when the earth is clad in darkness. Heaven, which is just, knows I am guiltless ; yet have I suffered the tortures of a hundred sinners.

“ Of my parentage I shall tell you the little I know : My mother was the only child of a wealthy Englishman, long a resident of India, who, while travelling with her in the East, died suddenly in Constantinople. Here, in some way unknown to me, she met a Turk of high position and great fortune ; she became his wife. I am told she survived my birth but a short while. Fourteen years later my father died, leaving me in the care of an aged relative of his, who took me at once to live with him. More than this I know not of my parentage.

“ When but fifteen years old I began to realize the misery, the danger of my position. My relative, who had always treated me with the greatest kindness and affection, surprised me one day with proposals which caused me to despise his presence—to abhor him with all

the power of my ardent nature. But I was firm and, in my despair, took an oath to die by my own hand rather than submit.

“ Though my father was a Turk, I entertained none of the ideas of his people, and from the depths of my soul revolted against their customs.

“ About two years ago Mrs. Estadilla, a foreign lady, was presented to me ; she gave me to understand that I was, in future, to be under her care ; she was kind, and spoke as though she sympathized with me in my sad position.

“ A short while afterward, to my great relief and joy, we left Constantinople and went to London, where we remained a month. While there I met, on several occasions, a Turk who lived in great luxury and was, in some manner, connected with the sultan. My desires were never consulted ; I simply obeyed—and obeyed with pleasure—all commands that did not order me back to my native land. One morning we landed in Dublin ; there I was introduced to the manager of a theatre, who amazed me by suggesting that I join his company and appear in the ballet. Mrs. Estadilla, who passed for my mother, advised me to accept the offer, saying it was the desire of those having my interest at heart to obtain for me that freedom and grace of manner so seldom seen off the stage. Against this I protested. Mrs. Estadilla took me to the theatre several times, thinking, no doubt, that the glamour of the stage and the applause of the audience would fascinate me. Far from it ; I revolted more earnestly.

“ I was not long discovering my relative's object in sending me away with the thought of giving me such surroundings. I prayed Heaven to frustrate his plans. I made up my mind to be content, so long as I could

avoid that which I dreaded most—the return to Constantinople.

“ You know the circumstances under which I met you. As you were convalescing, my duenna ordered me to make preparations to accompany her ; she evaded all my questions as to our destination and my future abode. We travelled several days. Before long I realized, to my horror, that I was in the land of my birth, and that, as of yore, I was to be a prisoner under my uncle’s gilded roof. I shuddered at the thought.

“ I imagined, for a while, that my fears were unfounded, and became partly reconciled to my fate. Sad illusion—vain security ! Before many days my detested relative approached me as before. Determined as he was, he was less so than I—I was desperate.

“ There was in my uncle’s service a man—a deaf-mute—who had never known but kindness at my hands ; he felt grateful ; I knew he could be depended on. We had signs by which we could make ourselves understood. We arranged a scheme of escape. In the dead of night we fled, unobserved, to a place of security ; our disguise was complete.

“ For the first time in my life I enjoyed sweet liberty—a liberty, however, much restrained, for our movements must be cautious ; we had to take a thousand precautions. As soon as an opportunity offered I intended sailing for America, where I heard all were free, all protected. But though beyond my uncle’s tyranny, I was not happy ; sorrow, regret dwelt in my soul ; my days, my nights knew naught but tears.”

Here Elvira rose and, leaving my side, moved a short distance away. How beautiful she looked as the soft light of the moon fell upon her graceful form ! With hands clasped before her, she stood gazing at the heavens

above, as though in silent prayer. I waited, my eyes riveted upon her.

At last she turned and resumed her seat ; her agitation was intense ; her voice trembled as she spoke :

“ Alas ! it is useless, impossible for me to attempt to tell you all ; but I will try.

“ Now that I was free, I felt restraints less humiliating but more painful than those imposed on me before.

“ Within me was a captive heart, chained, I felt, for life. Oh, if my soul disdained, repulsed unnatural love, it yet sighed, it craved for love—love that would fill, enrapture my being, my life. More deeply, more sincerely than I hated my uncle, did I love, adore another.”

Trembling with excitement and consumed by jealousy, I could control myself no longer ; I sprang to my feet, and striking my brow with my hand, exclaimed in despair :

“ Elvira, Elvira ! why speak to me thus ?”

But, falling on her knees before me, she gasped :
“ Do not upbraid me ; pity—oh, pity me rather !”

Looking down to where she was crouching at my feet, I saw those lovely features, those limpid eyes filled with tears, that form I worshipped more than all on earth below or heaven above ; disappointment, sad and bitter, despair, dark and gloomy, seized my soul ; I tore myself away, and falling in a chair, buried my face in my hands. Once more did I feel Elvira’s touch ; inaudible utterances seemed to escape her lips ; I heard her moan, yet I remained motionless, silent ; I was as one stunned.

How long I sat thus I know not ; but when, opening my eyes, I looked around me, I found I was alone. Had I been dreaming ; was this the awakening of a horrible

nightmare? Bewildered, dazed, I rubbed my eyes: it was night; the moon was high in the heavens; at my feet, way down below, rolled the majestic river; gradually the events of the day passed before my mind; the last words of Elvira rang in my ears. I rose and moved hurriedly from the spot.

I had not gone far when my feet stumbled against something in the path; I looked down, and was horrified as I saw the senseless form of Elvira stretched out on the ground. Alarmed beyond expression, I took her in my arms and rushed to the house, where Mrs. Lasco came to my assistance.

After several minutes of dreadful silence and anxiety, Elvira came to, and with a blank look in her eyes gazed wildly around the room. "Leave me," she said, in a whisper, looking at Mrs. Lasco, while she beckoned me to her side. Mrs. Lasco closed the door behind her, and I was alone with Elvira.

Looking at me, still with that vacant stare in her eyes, she said:

"Now that I have told you all, do with me as you please—speak!"

Amazed at these mysterious words, I remained silent for some time, and then muttered:

"Elvira, I do not understand you; explain."

"Explain!" she exclaimed. "Ah! what more would you have me say? Better, perhaps, had I chained my tongue forever."

I thought the poor girl delirious; she was laboring under some hallucination, some wild excitement. The flickering light of a solitary candle cast its subdued rays around the handsomely furnished apartment, and lent a deadly pallor to poor Elvira's face. I was about to rise and call for more light, if but to dispel the dark images

of my mind, when, half rising on her couch, with eyes riveted on me, Elvira shouted: "Move not; great enough are my sufferings, without adding to them the piercing tortures of doubt. Speak—speak; not till I know what my fate is to be shall you leave me. You hesitate; go then—go, if you will; death shall occupy your place."

And with an agonizing shriek she fell back on the lounge.

CHAPTER XIX.

I LEFT Mrs. Lasco alone with Elvira, while I walked out into the open air to cool my burning head.

I began to fear for poor Elvira's mind; it was wandering already; but, great as were her sufferings, they were naught as compared to mine, for on me fell the burden of her sorrows as well as my own.

Her words, "I told you all," still resounded in my ears. What could she mean? I remembered well her saying she loved, adored another; crushing though this confession had been to me, why should it thus alarm her? Did she fear my hatred—did she dread some dire revenge? Perhaps, as I sat with my face buried in my hands, she had uttered words I had not heard.

Alas! was this to be the sad end of all my efforts, all my hopes?

Such were my mournful meditations as I walked nervously up and down in front of the house.

After a while Mrs. Lasco joined me and said that, having used her mesmerizing powers—for which she was noted—Elvira was now enjoying a sound sleep, from

which it was not probable she would awake till late in the morning. This relieved me much, and I retired to my room, not with the hope of resting—I knew this to be impossible—but for the sole purpose of closing my eyes and collecting my thoughts.

Such now was my frame of mind that I scarcely understood, scarcely remembered all that had transpired ; all was hazy, turmoil, bewilderment.

Hours went by—hours of intense pain and mental suffering ; I longed for the morning, which might bring a change—a welcome change.

I tossed from side to side, my eyes closed, but sleep as distant from me as peace and happiness.

Suddenly I thought I heard footsteps in the hall ; then silence prevailed ; footsteps again, which seemed to stop before my room ; a hand feeling on the door ; the knob turns ; a cold shiver runs through me ; I can neither speak nor move ; a horrible dread possesses me ; a figure in white enters, glides noiselessly to the window, pulls aside the curtain ; heavens ! the light of the moon discloses the features of Elvira !

I shuddered as the apparition moved slowly toward my bed, stood for a few seconds, as though gazing at me, and then sat down at my feet.

Somnambulist—oh, I thought, I prayed it might be so, terrible though that be !

Scarcely breathing, the blood chilled in my veins, I fixed my eyes on Elvira, and waited.

She sighed, and then, in low, measured tones, spoke thus : “ Yes ; I saw you on the street that fatal night ; I watched, I followed you ; were you alone, I should have approached and spoken to you, but I dared not. I saw you enter my uncle’s palace ; a mortal fear seized me ; were you going there in search of me ? Alas ! I

thought, what fate might not await you under a roof so fatal to me ? No time must be lost ; were I to bid adieu forever to sweet liberty ; were life to be sacrificed—nay, were I to fall a victim to that despised old man, I must risk all to save you. I rushed to the water-side, where my deaf-mute awaited me in his *kaïk* ; I was familiar with a road by which I could enter my uncle's palace, unnoticed ; I had, a long time before, in the hope of escaping, obtained a key to a mysterious subterranean passage, which led from the palace to the shore ; I knew, as I knew my hand, every room, every corner, every curtain of that world of mazes. Noiselessly, unobserved, I crept behind some tapestries in the room where you sat ; I watched every movement, heard every word ; well I knew my uncle's temper, his want of control over his passions ; I listened, with awe, to his angry utterances, his denunciation of your country, your people ; I dreaded lest you might resent the insult ; I saw you rise from your seat ; saw him strike you to the floor ; then, with fire in his eyes, lean over your prostrate form. Supreme moment of doubt, of terror ! I rushed forward, dagger in hand, and struck him in the back ; he fell dead to the floor ! For a moment I stood aghast at the sight of my deed. Alas ! you, whom alone I loved, would open your eyes and see blood on my hands. I rushed from the room, and then—most horrible of thoughts !—realized that you would be found alone with the murdered man ; you would be accused of what I had done ; you would be punished for my crime. Hastily I escaped through the darkness of the passage and called Hassan to my aid ; I threw his long cloak over me, and bade him disguise himself. We hastened back to the room of death ; I feared to meet a hundred slaves, ready to avenge their master's fall. Thank Heaven ! you were

still alone ; you had recovered your senses, but never, no never should you know that Elvira was a murderess—the murderess of her uncle. We seized you as though we were the avengers of the law ; we tied your arms with ropes and treated you with a rough hand ; to escape from us would be certain death, as you would fall into the hands of your pursuers. Alas ! it availed but little. We took you to our *yali*, placed you in safety from those who might injure you. Unknowingly, you were in the best, the kindest of hands. An evil spirit urged you to fly. Ah ! if I have sinned, what agonies have I not suffered therefore ? What an awakening was that which brought to me the knowledge of your flight ! Had I gone mad, I should have thanked the powers above ; but no ! I was still to think, to feel, to suffer. Only too soon did I learn of the terrible position your flight had placed you in. In thought I followed you to your gloomy, solitary cell ; in vain did I shed tears and exclaim : Fear not ; you are innocent ; I am guilty, and shall suffer the penalty of my crime. A dim hope still lingered that we might both be saved, and yet I had made all preparations in anticipation of the worst ; I watched every day, every hour to see that nothing befell you.

“ One night I deserted the *yali*, and the next morning sent word to the detectives where it could be found. What joy was mine when I heard the tidings of your delivery ! Brief joy ! my soul grew heavy, burdened, as though enshrouded in darkness. I resolved to leave Stamboul at once ; in a foreign, distant land, I might, perchance, forget these scenes, these deeds ; if not, welcome—oh, yes, welcome should be that end of life, so replete with sorrows, so devoid of joys.

“ My plans were fixed. On the night I was to leave,

I met you ; in vain did I try to escape, to fly from you ; your words darkened my misery, for they convinced me of your love. I might—yes, I might have lived in happiness with you—with you, whom alone I loved ; but now it must not, could not be ; my tainted name should not blur your life, which I prayed might be long and free from sorrow. In a moment of weakness I told you my destination ; then I knew that as you had followed me to the East, so you would follow me to the West ; I had a presentiment that you would leave in all haste ; purposely I deferred my departure to a later period ; I madly hoped that, failing to find me, you would return to your native land and forget my poor existence.

“ Strange fatality—fatality that bewildered me, fatality that overcame me ! You it was who welcomed me to these foreign shores ; in a moment of superstition I fancied I was forgiven—my hands washed of blood ; no Nemesis was it that followed and haunted me over the face of the earth ; it was a spirit of kindness, of esteem, of love—it was yourself. I accepted the omen as one of peace, of forgiveness ; I was happy once more ; I revelled in the thought of the sweetest, the only dream of my life being realized—a life spent with you, devoted to you.

“ This morning, as we strolled through this dreamland, my eyes became blurred, my senses dulled ; I saw vanish my hopes of future joy. I doubted not your love ; I felt that this sweet place was to be our home ; but alas ! I remembered being told, of yore, that I was a somnambulist—that I moved around and spoke in my sleep ; I knew the day would come when I should betray the secret of my crime ; I knew the night would come when you would hear, from my own lips, the terrible confession I dreaded to make ; I saw your horror as you

realized that by your side lay, not an innocent bride, but a murderess—a murderess ! I saw you shrink from my side, out of sight, your love turned to hatred. That moment I resolved to tell you all—I told you all. Well I knew you would scorn, repulse me ; but—heavens above attest !—if I have sinned, 'twas not with the thought, the knowledge of sin ; had I not taken another's life, your life would have been taken by that other ; 'twas love—'twas love that made me do it ; mercy, mercy ! 'Twas love—'twas love—''

* * * * *

The figure had vanished—I was alone !

CHAPTER XX.

LET what transpired after the somnambulist left my chamber ; let my feelings, my thoughts, ever remain secret, sacred to myself. Ask me not, O reader ! to betray the inner workings of my soul ; you know whether I craved for sympathy, deserved sympathy ; but enough ! I hasten to the end of this my tale.

The next morning I learned from Mrs. Lasco that Elvira's condition was very low ; I sent a messenger to town for a physician—the best that could be obtained. He was not long coming. After spending a little while with the patient, he joined me in the library. His report, which I feared would be of an alarming nature, was, on the contrary, very reassuring ; he said the patient was suffering from intense nervous prostration, probably caused by great mental excitement ; she had fever, but this should pass off shortly ; meanwhile she must have complete rest, and see no one save her nurse.

The doctor promised to return the following morning. I spent the day rambling alone over the adjoining country, wrapped in meditation deep. It was late in the afternoon when I returned to "Dreamland."

Mrs. Lasco said Elvira had spent a restless day, but was now resting quietly.

I ate a light repast, lit a cigar, and walked to the river-side ; but the beautiful evening was soon followed by a moist, chilly night. Hastening back to the house, I retired to my room and, for the first time in my life, locked the door behind me.

The doctor came a little before noon on the following day and, to my great relief, informed me that the patient was in sufficiently good condition to be removed to the city. This, for more reasons than one, I deemed should be done as soon as possible.

Before four o'clock that afternoon Elvira was in her rooms at the hotel. As I left, I requested Mrs. Lasco to send me word at once should Elvira have a relapse, and in case she inquired for me, to say it were better for her to see no one, but that, at an early day, I should do myself the pleasure of calling.

Inside of a week I received a note from Mrs. Lasco saying that Elvira was greatly improved. I deemed it my duty to call in person at her hotel.

It was in the afternoon ; I found her seated near the window, in a large lounging-chair. She looked pale and haggard, and I could see by her movements that she was still very weak ; her eyes alone were unchanged ; they shone with all their pristine lustre. Sitting by her side, I told her how pleased I was to see her improved ; I advised her to be cautious, to take good care of herself, and she should soon be strong and well again.

With a deep sigh, Elvira threw her head back on the

chair, and half closing her eyes, said in a subdued voice :

“ Alas ! that depends not on me, nor on any act of mine—”

I was about to remonstrate, but she raised her hand as though to bid me be silent, and continued :

“ I might—yes, I might still be well and strong and happy ; I might still love the soft light of day, to gaze at the verdure of the earth and the blue heavens above. I might—oh, yes, I might still love life and long to live ; but then, again, I might crave for darkness, and with sincerity pray for death.”

Ceasing to speak, she turned to me, and fixing her eyes on mine, as though to penetrate the innermost recesses of my soul, she said :

“ Alfred, forget that I am weak ; forget that I am unfortunate ; forget that I am a woman, and, with the sincerity of a friend, the frankness of a judge, tell me, without fear or reserve, whether you think me guilty at heart—whether you deem me a murderess in my soul.”

I felt the tears rushing to my eyes ; my frame trembled with emotion ; I threw myself on my knees before Elvira, and seizing her hands, told her that her conscience was as guiltless as is his who kills the highwayman to save his own life ; as free as is the soldier's who slays his country's foes. To take a life to save a life was no crime, but a sacred duty. I told her everything I could think of, imagine, to relieve her mind and appease her conscience. Then I said :

“ You ask me whether I consider you a murderess, and as such should not despise you. Ah ! ask me rather whether I do not consider you the savior of my life, and as such do not owe you love, devotion, gratitude forever.”

Tears were in her eyes, and yet a smile played on her lips ; she rose and fell in my outstretched arms.

* * * * *

“ Dreamland,” the fairest spot on the Hudson banks, is now our home ; happiness, without intermission, is our lot ; we have but one regret—that of seeing time speed on as though its fleeting wings should never tire. As I gaze into Elvira’s eyes, I forget the sorrows, the trials of the past, and dream only of the pleasures of the present.

Never has the ambition of old disturbed me since ; never have I felt the inclination to dwell in Ireland and study the history, the wants of that beautiful but unfortunate isle ; more reasons than one for this :

In the first place, Elvira occupies all my leisure hours, and I know naught else but leisure. In the second place, being much pleased with America, I intend living here permanently. Lastly, I am convinced that the Irish question will prove eternal.

I might as well add that I have also given up the Eastern question ; all the powers of Europe being unable to settle it, my modesty suggests the improbability of my being able to do so.

One word more : In writing this history—a mighty task for one who never wrote before, and shall never write again—I performed not a pleasure, but a duty.

Elvira demanded of me, unconditionally, as a pledge of my love and devotion, that I should, in some way or other, inform the world of the incidents and particulars of Hewfik Pasha’s death.

It was not to gratify idle curiosity that she wished these facts proclaimed—far from it. Her first wish was that all doubt, however small, of my innocence should vanish forever ; moreover, she was anxious to remove any sus-

picion that might subsequently have fallen on innocent parties. She wished the world to know that the act was solely hers—prompted by love, prompted by the natural desire to save a life she thought endangered.

It was in vain I protested and told her there was no necessity of divulging her secret till others were accused ; I begged, implored her to be content, satisfied in the security of her own innocence—in vain !

“ Alfred,” she said, “ if you would marry me, grant me this ; I will grant you all else.”

I made the promise, and have now fulfilled it.

A NEW NOVEL BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

"THE DESTRUCTION OF GOTHAM." Price \$1.00.

This is a most graphic story of the times, showing the conflict between the upper and lower stratas of society in New York, ending in a great disaster to the city itself. It is an intensely interesting and powerful story. Joaquin Miller is a writer whose fame is world-wide.

WHAT THE CRITICS SAY OF JOAQUIN MILLER.

The London Times says: "His writings are charged with passionate life, and display a fervor of poetic appreciation and sympathy, combined with startling beauty and power."

The London Globe says: "To follow him is like following a keen, swift rider, who rides eagerly, it matters not whither, and who attracts us by a wild grace and a beautiful skill as he rushes through scenes of luxuriant loveliness that would cause a less impetuous horseman to pause and linger."

The London Bookseller says: "Mr. Miller is a man of sympathetic instincts and deep reverence for all that is high and noble in nature and humanity."

The London Academy says: "Mr. Miller has the faculty of making himself felt through what he writes."

FUNK & WAGNALLS, Publishers, 10 & 12 Dey St., N. Y.

TWO NEW NOVELS BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

"THE COUNTESS ALMARA'S MURDER" and "THE TRIAL OF GIDEON." Both bound in one volume, cloth, 75 cts.

To be ready about June 20th.

The plot of the first novel is laid in prehistoric times on the hills of Moab; that of the second in New York City. Julian Hawthorne is a writer of remarkable ability. No living writer equals him in the creative power of imagination. Take what subject he will, Mr. Hawthorne always throws around it the glamour of a charming literary style, and exhibits, even in his lightest writings, the color of a thoughtful and brilliant mind. His style is exceedingly fascinating.

WHAT THE CRITICS SAY OF JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

The Independent, New York, says: "Julian Hawthorne can choose no better compliment upon his new romance (Archibald Malmaison) than the assurance that he has at last put forth a story which reads as if the manuscript, written in his father's indecipherable handwriting and signed 'Nathaniel Hawthorne,' had lain shut into a desk for 25 years, to be only just now pulled out and printed. It is a masterful romance; short, compressed, and terribly dramatic."

The London Times says: "After perusal of this weird, fantastic tale (Archibald Malmaison), it must be admitted that upon the shoulders of Julian Hawthorne has descended the mantle of his illustrious father. The climax is so terrible, and so dramatic in its intensity, that it is impossible to class it with any situation of modern fiction."

FUNK & WAGNALLS, Publishers, 10 & 12 Dey St., N. Y.

NEW NOVEL BY ROBERT W. HUME.

"THE HISTORY OF A RECLUSE." Price \$1.00. In Press.

Mr. Hume in this story treats of some of the practical difficulties in solving the labor and other social problems. It is an interesting and most suggestive story.

TWO NEW NOVELS BY IVAN TURGENIEFF.

"AN UNFORTUNATE WOMAN" and *"ASS'YA."* Both bound in one volume. Translated direct from the Russian for this publication by Henry Gersoni. Price 75 cts. In Press.

WHAT THE CRITICS THINK OF TURGENIEFF.

Renan says: "No man has been as much as he the incarnation of a whole race."

The Literary World, London, says: "He is an artist of the first order. His style is bright, picturesque, intensely human, and irresistibly fascinating."

The New York Tribune says: "Turgenieff's characters are vital; they suffer with a pathos that irresistibly touches the reader to sympathy. Those who would write in the same vein get merely his admirable manner, full of reserve, of self-restraint, of joyless patience; but while under this surface with Turgenieff lie throbbing arteries and quivering flesh, his imitators offer nothing more than lay figures in whose fortunes it is impossible to take any lively interest."

FUNK & WAGNALLS, Publishers, 10 & 12 Dey St., N. Y.

*A NEW BOOK BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S
WIFE.*

"SWEET CICELY; or, JOSIAH ALLEN AS A POLITICIAN."

Of thrilling interest. Over 100 illustrations, square 12mo, cloth, \$2.00.

"Josiah Allen's Wife" has always been a shrewd observer of human nature as it reveals itself in the round of homely, every-day life, and the keen sarcasm and adroit humor with which she lays bare its foibles, its weaknesses and its grotesque outcroppings, has rarely, if ever, been equalled. The strong feature of all Miss Holley's humor is its moral tone.

Editor Union Signal says: "Josiah Allen's Wife's new book 'Sweet Cicely' comes from the very depths of her heart. It is quaint, humorous, original. She strikes hard blows, but with a velvet-gloved hand."

Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland says: "My former experience with Miss Holley's books induces me to expect great good and great enjoyment in her new book, 'Sweet Cicely.'"

Miss Francis E. Willard says: "Modern fiction has not furnished a more thoroughly individual character than 'Josiah Allen's Wife.' She will be remembered, honored, laughed and cried over when the purely 'artistic' novelist and his heroine have passed into oblivion. She is a woman, wit, philanthropist and statesman, all in one, and I prophesy that 'Sweet Cicely's' gentle, firm hand shall lead Josiah Allen's Wife onward into literary immortality."

Will Carleton says: "It retains all the peculiar spicy flavor of her former works, and is better than any of them, because of its alternate pathos and humor."

FUNK & WAGNALLS, Publishers, 10 & 12 Dey St., N. Y.

*MISS ROSE ELIZABETH CLEVELAND'S
BOOK.*

"GEORGE ELIOT'S POETRY AND OTHER STUDIES."

Square, 12mo, 191 pp. \$1.50; Subscription Edition, with
Portrait of Authoress, \$2.00; gilt, \$2.50.

Contents.

George Eliot's Poetry.	Old Rome and New France.
Reciprocity.	Studies in the Middle Ages;
Altruistic Faith.	History.
Charlemagne.	Chivalry.
The Monastery.	Joan of Arc.

Harriet Beecher Stowe says: "In my opinion it is a book of which all women may well be proud. Far from anything weak or sentimental, it is an expression of vigorous habits of thought, of high culture, of firm principle and earnest feeling, and, in short, it represents *the American woman at her best*. I rejoice to think that the White House has such a woman at its head."

George Parsons Lathrop says: "These essays are valuable for their quality of insight and earnest feeling. I am greatly pleased by her sincere womanly tone, and think that her presentation of historical episodes is calculated to arouse the imagination and impress readers vividly."

R. H. Stoddard, in the *New York World*, says: "Miss Cleveland's ideals are high, and her self-respect is great. The volume shows that she can be critical, and that she is able to form an independent opinion."

Charles A. Dana, *Editor New York Sun*, says: "Miss Cleveland's literary style is characterized by vigor of expression, abundance of imagery, and a certain rhythmic quality that makes passages here and there read almost like blank verse."

Edna Dean Proctor says: "Miss Cleveland's essay on George Eliot's Poetry is a piquant, far-reaching criticism, and in all her pages there is something of the freshness and force of the north wind."

FUNK & WAGNALLS, Publishers, 10 & 12 Dey St., N. Y.

ARCHIBALD MALMAISON.

A New Novel. By JULIAN HAWTHORNE. 12mo, paper, 15 cts.;
cloth, extra paper, 75 cts.

INDEPENDENT, N. Y. "Mr. Julian Hawthorne can choose no better compliment upon his new romance, 'ARCHIBALD MALMAISON,' than the assurance that he has at last put forth a story which reads as if the manuscript, written in his father's indecipherable handwriting and signed 'Nathaniel Hawthorne,' had lain shut into a desk for twenty-five years, to be only just now pulled out and printed. It is a masterful romance; short, compressed, terribly dramatic in its important situations, based upon a psychologic idea as weird and susceptible of startling treatment as possible. It is a book to be read through in two hours, but to dwell in the memory forever. The employment of the central theme and the literary conduct of the plot is nearly beyond criticism."

R. H. STODDARD, IN NEW YORK MAIL AND EXPRESS.

"The climax is so terrible, as the London *Times* has pointed out, and so dramatic in its intensity, that it is impossible to class it with any situation of modern fiction. . . Mr. Hawthorne is clearly and easily the first of living romancers."

THE LONDON TIMES. "After perusal of this weird, fantastic tale (Archibald Malmaison), it must be admitted that upon the shoulders of Julian Hawthorne has descended in no small degree the mantle of his more illustrious father. The climax is so terrible, and so dramatic in its intensity, that it is impossible to class it with any situation of modern fiction. There is much psychological ingenuity shown in some of the more subtle touches that lend an air of reality to this wild romance."

THE LONDON GLOBE. "'Archibald Malmaison' is one of the most daring attempts to set the wildest fancy masquerading in the cloak of science, which has ever, perhaps been made. Mr. Hawthorne has managed to combine the almost perfect construction of a typical French novelist, with a more than typically German power of conception."

THE ACADEMY. "Mr. Hawthorne has a more powerful imagination than any contemporary writer of fiction. He has the very uncommon gift of taking hold of the reader's attention at once, and the still more uncommon gift of maintaining his grasp when it is fixed."

FUNK & WAGNALLS, Publishers, 10 & 12 Dey St., N. Y.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00014719258

